

Increase In May Cut Price

California Predicts Splendid Development For Alberta

SAYS PROVINCE WILL EXCEED CALIFORNIA

Gas Resources of Field Are Enormous, He Declares

VANCOUVER, May 3.—That the oil situation, as developed by British Petroleum Limited and the Imperial Oil Company near Wainwright, will bring down the price of gasoline and lubricating oil, increase the use of motor cars and tractors in the prairies, and result in millions of dollars being spent there in developing the field, building refineries, pipe lines and storage tanks, as well as developing the country commercially and agriculturally, is the declaration of George R. Horland, California oil man, who has spent the past three weeks in the Canadian field in the interests of the American producers.

"The American fields are now at the peak of production and all demand for oil is increasing," said Mr. Horland. "The geological map of the Wainwright field shows that it is an immense terrace structure running northwest and southeast, and that the possible oil-bearing structure is ten miles wide and eighty miles long, with Wainwright about the center of the field."

Gas Supply Extensive

Already an area of great potential value is being produced in the field which Mr. Horland says will eventually supply over 100,000,000 bbls. of oil.

He said that the gas supply was being produced in the field which Mr. Horland says will eventually supply over 100,000,000 bbls. of oil.

Referring to the British Petroleum company, Mr. Horland said it contained a high gas content and that plans to extract the gas from the oil.

In addition it had been found that a fine grade of oil was being produced in the field.

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CARNEGIE INSTITUTE PICKS BEAUTY QUEEN

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CABINET NOW IS READY TO CONSIDER POSTAL WAGES

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Liberals In Anger At Labor

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EFFORTS RUMORED TO PLACE NEWCOMBE IN SUPREME COURT

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Crisis In The U.S. Cabinet Is Predicted

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POSTMASTERS SERVE AS EMPLOYMENT AGENTS

will act as employment agents under a plan reported to the International Labor Bureau here. In places where there are no government labor agents an employer may apply to the postmaster, and if no labor is available the postmaster will for-

are in need of employment may register at the postoffice.

MINE MULE HAD EINE PASTURE

Worked 26 Years Under- ground and Was Then Pensioned in Clover

MARION, O.

Although most mine mules live a very hard life, toiling underground in the moist dark drifts of the mine, "Spilletown Sam," the veteran mule of the Peabody coal company, windied sometime ago at the ripe old

Sam was in the coal mining business for 26 years and during the entire time he was employed he was employed or incapacitated, a remarkable record for a mine mule. In his declining years he enjoyed a life of comfort and private peace. He was cared for by a special attendant and housed in his own private barn.

F. S. Peabody, chairman of the board of directors of the Peabody Coal company, provided Sam with a ten acre lot, well wooded to shelter him in the summer time, had a comfortable home built and a special attendant to look after him.

While in active service Sam averaged 28 miles per day, underground,

Sam was very jealous of his pasture lot. If another mule was turned in to share it with him, he would grasp the halter of the intruder and lead him around the lot until he became nearly exhausted, then would start to kick him out.

JOB PRINTING



A black and white illustration of a man in a light-colored shirt and dark trousers, viewed from the side, operating a large, complex printing press. The machine has various gears, levers, and a large wheel. In the background, there is a building with a dome and a flagpole.

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Community Press
Wedding Invitations
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test 7:30 p.m.
BURTON
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THE CROWN

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MONTHLY**

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	Season	Month
0 lbs. daily	\$4.00	\$3.00
5 lbs. daily	\$13.00	\$5.00
5 lbs. daily	\$24.00	6.00

Delivery made every day from 8 a.m. to 12 noon. Double weight Saturday. For more information on these contracts if sold on or before June 15th. Payment may be made in two installments if desired.

TICKETS

x 15-pound
tickets **\$1.00**

Limited
EDMONTON

Hard-Fought Battles Are Staged in Major Ball Leagues

HARRY HEILMANN HITS TWO HOME RUNS IN DETROIT ST. LOUIS GAME

FAMILIAR SWAT KINGS TOP LIST OF LEADING BATTERS IN MAJORS

Harry Heilmann Glazes Trail in American League—Ty Cobb Is a Close Second—Slater Makes a Fine Come-Back

CHICAGO, May 3.—Old familiar names—Heilmann, Cobb, Hornsby and Slater—top the list of leading batters in the major leagues today, as the clubs swing into the first test of the 1924 campaign.

Harry Heilmann, slugging ace of the Detroit Tigers and 1923 batting champion of the American league, is blazing the trail for the American leaguers, with an average of .468. The illustrious Ty Cobb is trailing second with .434. Heilmann, on figures compiled on the basis of Wednesday's games, connected with 32 hits in 13 games, including a brace of homers. Cobb, in addition to getting 33 hits, leads the league in scoring with fourteen runs.

The comeback of George Slaughter, former star of the 1922 season, is making his manager, the St. Louis Browns, after a year's absence, is in the front rank of the league. Slater, a record of scoring ten runs and making 21 hits, including one run and a pair of triples, is also in the lead. Slater, although he is not a power hitter, is making his mark with an average of only .262 in his drive for home run honors. He has made out of the lead in the batting mark of both leagues. This mark is the highest in the league. Slater is ahead of his performance during the last three weeks of the 1923 campaign when he hung up his record of 124.

Captain Eddie Collins of the White Sox is showing a fine comeback in ten or more games. He is hitting .425, while the veteran Jack Wheat, of Brooklyn, checked in with .420 for second place. Hornsby also is showing scoring leadership, with an average of .400, and is leading the league in runs scored with 14.

The veteran Max Carey, of the Pirates, is active as ever on the base lines and is leading the base stealers with 12.

Other leading batters: Grantland, Chicago, .397; Thacker, Chicago, .394; Grimes, Chicago, .382; Caveney, Cincinnati, .381; Grimes, Pittsburgh, .379; Plunkett, Detroit, .378; Slater, St. Louis, .373; Hornsby, Brooklyn, .352; Harper, Cincinnati, .352.

Pacific Coast League
San Francisco, .379; Vernon, .378; Salt Lake, .377; Portland, .376; Los Angeles, .375; Oakland, .374; Seattle, .373; Sacramento, .372.

At Los Angeles
Oakland, .379; Vernon, .378; Salt Lake, .377; Portland, .376; Los Angeles, .375; Oakland, .374; Seattle, .373; Sacramento, .372.

At San Francisco
San Francisco, .379; Vernon, .378; Salt Lake, .377; Portland, .376; Los Angeles, .375; Oakland, .374; Seattle, .373; Sacramento, .372.

At Seattle
Seattle, .379; Vernon, .378; Salt Lake, .377; Portland, .376; Los Angeles, .375; Oakland, .374; Seattle, .373; Sacramento, .372.

At Portland
Portland, .379; Vernon, .378; Salt Lake, .377; Portland, .376; Los Angeles, .375; Oakland, .374; Seattle, .373; Sacramento, .372.

National League
New York, .379; Cincinnati, .378; Chicago, .377; Pittsburgh, .376; Brooklyn, .375; St. Louis, .374; Philadelphia, .373.

At Cincinnati
Cincinnati, .379; New York, .378; Chicago, .377; Pittsburgh, .376; Brooklyn, .375; St. Louis, .374; Philadelphia, .373.

At Chicago
Chicago, .379; New York, .378; Cincinnati, .377; Pittsburgh, .376; Brooklyn, .375; St. Louis, .374; Philadelphia, .373.

At Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, .379; New York, .378; Cincinnati, .377; Chicago, .376; Brooklyn, .375; St. Louis, .374; Philadelphia, .373.

At Brooklyn
Brooklyn, .379; New York, .378; Cincinnati, .377; Chicago, .376; Pittsburgh, .375; St. Louis, .374; Philadelphia, .373.

At St. Louis
St. Louis, .379; New York, .378; Cincinnati, .377; Chicago, .376; Pittsburgh, .375; Brooklyn, .374; Philadelphia, .373.

At Philadelphia
Philadelphia, .379; New York, .378; Cincinnati, .377; Chicago, .376; Pittsburgh, .375; Brooklyn, .374; St. Louis, .373.

At New York
New York, .379; Philadelphia, .378; Cincinnati, .377; Chicago, .376; Pittsburgh, .375; Brooklyn, .374; St. Louis, .373.

Mack's Trio of Minor League Stars Made Over Seven Hundred Base Hits During Last Season

Very often one man makes a good ball club a contender. The presence of this speaker in the Cleveland lineup in 1923 made that club a pennant winner. The Cincinnati Reds are not nearly so fortunate today as the previous Reds were in 1923.

When Eddie Collins was forced out of the Chicago lineup last season, the White Sox defense wilted. Often some major league manager comes to bat with the statement that if he could get a certain star player he would get about with the pennant.

Mr. Mack, general manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, figures to be getting to be in the running this summer. Collins was up with the club for half the season last year, then he was traded.

The Athletics' Collins is out with the club, but he is not a contender, but by way of diversion adds that a club able to finish second always has a chance to be first.

Mack Recently Original
Mr. Mack has not made any change because of the addition of one star player. He is not a contender, but by way of diversion adds that a club able to finish second always has a chance to be first.

Mack's three minor league stars—Babe Ruth, Hank Greenberg, and Earl Brown—made over seven hundred base hits during last season.

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PLAYER	TEAM	GAMES	HITS	DOUBLES	TRIPLES	HOME RUNS
Strand	San Lab.	194	203	66	13	43
Bishop	Baltimore	159	112	35	10	22
Simmons	Shreveport	168	165	38	13	12
			480	139	36	77

LEFT TO RIGHT—STRAND, SIMMONS, BISHOP

A personal "pe" average of Mack's contributing trio from the bushes reveals a fact that they punched out 480 singles, 139 doubles, 36 triples and 77 home runs. These figures ought to be double.

RUGBY BODY CHANGES NAME
Scottish Football Union Takes Action at Annual Meeting

EDINBURGH, May 3.—(Continued from page 1.) The annual meeting of the Scottish Football Union took place at the Grosvenor Hotel, Edinburgh, today. The meeting was attended by 100 members of the union.

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NO ONE WOMAN IS DOMINANT IN GOLF

Fight for National Championship in America This Summer Will Be Hottest in History

The woman who wins this year's American championship will know she has been winning. Her victory will be a surprise, and she will be a surprise. She will be a surprise. She will be a surprise.

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TREES SHRUBS HEDGE

Special stock of trees, shrubs, hedges, and plants. We have a large stock of trees, shrubs, hedges, and plants. We have a large stock of trees, shrubs, hedges, and plants. We have a large stock of trees, shrubs, hedges, and plants.

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SMOKING TOBACCO

IS FOUR TIMES SEALED

The outer wrapper of water and moisture proof paraffin paper.

The regular Old Chum wrapper showing name and trade mark.

The heavy tin foil.

The heavy manila paper.

to bring you the full richness and mellow sweetness of this—

"Tobacco of Quality"

Manufactured by IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. OF CANADA LIMITED

Get Your Suit Now

No matter how busy you are, you can get your suit made in a few minutes. We have a large stock of suits, and we can make them to order. We have a large stock of suits, and we can make them to order. We have a large stock of suits, and we can make them to order.

The Cosmo Tailors

1001 10th Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta

Radials and Veterans Play Two to Two Draw in First Division Game

ESKIMOS AND CANADIAN NATIONALS PLAY 3 TO 3 DRAW IN RUGBY GAME

Radials and Veterans Play 2 to 2 Draw in First Division Game

Two Strong Clubs Provide Fair Contest for Big Crowd of Fans—Penalty Kick Gives Veterans an Early Lead—Both Goals Star

Tail-enders were the contestants in Saturday afternoon's game in the first division of the soccer league, which ended in a 2 to 2 draw. At no time could the game be classed as exciting, except during the last fifteen minutes, when the score was tied. By the gift of a penalty kick, granted in the first few minutes the Vets were able to assume the lead. It was a gift, for when the ball hit Collingwood's arm, the foul was purely accidental, and might very easily have been passed up by the referee. These kind of things, however, are the breaks of the game, and Radials suffered accordingly.

Radials kicked off against a fair breeze, and from the start the Vets took up the running. Collie carried the ball down on the right, but was turned back by Griffiths. A foul was committed by Radials just outside the Vets penalty area, and Collie, taking the ball, drove a low shot over the upright. John Crozier effected a fine save, giving the Vets a fine start. The ball fell length on the ground. The Vets were soon back in the vicinity of the Radials goal, and obtained a corner, which was cleared by Griffiths. Still keeping up the pressure, a penalty kick was taken against Radials, and Griffiths, for hardy and Miller, who took the kick, made no mistake with a fine shot into the corner of the net. The left wing of the Radials effected the ball up, and Collie, for Vets, but the ball went behind. The Vets were having the most of the game, and were keeping up a constant pressure on the Radials goal. The shooting was not proving very difficult for Collie, and Wright got through owing to a mistake by Griffiths, and gave the goal a chance.

Vets Two Up
The Vets were two up inside twenty-five minutes, but the Radials did not lose heart, and kept pushing away. The forwards were giving the Vets defense too much trouble, and Adams and Riggs kept the play outside the danger area. Lamb was kept in the line for the Vets, striking the bar with a hurricane shot. Collie kept the ball on the rebound, but spotted a good chance by lifting away over the fence. Wright again got through the Radials' defense, and was in a fine position when he was tripped by Griffiths. The resulting penalty kick was again taken by Miller, but he played it too high, and shot past. Thompson, who had a head away for Griffiths, did not shoot, but Crozier was there, and cleared in. Adams lifted the ball over the Vets leading two to nothing.

Second Half
The second half had only been going a few minutes when the Radials forced a corner. The ball was cleared by Adams, but Miller got possession and hugged it. The shot was too low for Crozier to gather safely, and the ball went to Thompson, who slipped it past Crozier for the Radials first goal. A goal in ten minutes was very encouraging to the Radials and they were keeping up their defense on the jump. Miller Crozier and Adams, who were giving the Vets a hard time, but the goal was scored by Adams, who was in a fine position when he was tripped by Griffiths. The resulting penalty kick was again taken by Miller, but he played it too high, and shot past. Thompson, who had a head away for Griffiths, did not shoot, but Crozier was there, and cleared in. Adams lifted the ball over the Vets leading two to nothing.

Goal
The goal was scored by Adams, who was in a fine position when he was tripped by Griffiths. The resulting penalty kick was again taken by Miller, but he played it too high, and shot past. Thompson, who had a head away for Griffiths, did not shoot, but Crozier was there, and cleared in. Adams lifted the ball over the Vets leading two to nothing.

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15-Year-Old Maid Hopes To Equal Alexa's Feats



It wasn't so very many years ago that Alexa Bennett, who has just turned 15, hopes to follow in Alexa's footsteps and win her first prize. Maria Bennett, who has just turned 15, hopes to follow in Alexa's footsteps and win her first prize. Maria Bennett, who has just turned 15, hopes to follow in Alexa's footsteps and win her first prize.

Women In Sport Are Coming Into Their Own In Various Countries
Great Britain and the United States Realize Increasing Importance of Athletics for Women—Athletic Federation Forms, Women's Branch

The sportswoman is coming to be recognized in all countries today. The fact that she is coming to be recognized in all countries today. The fact that she is coming to be recognized in all countries today. The fact that she is coming to be recognized in all countries today.

Dr. Rutten Presents Fine Challenge Cup
MONTREAL, May 3.—A handsome inter-collegiate golf challenge cup has been presented Dr. R. F. Rutten, director of the chemistry building, McGill University, for athletic competition among the college teams of the Canadian universities. The object is to bring the students of the various universities together and to stimulate interest in the game.

BOSTON WILL MAKE STYMIE CHECK-UP
Women to Keep Systematic Tabulation of All Stymies Laid in Matches During the Season

Women players in the Boston district will keep a systematic point of all stymies laid in inter-collegiate matches. This is a compromise decision, arrived at after a conference called recently to consider the abolition of the most vexatious of all golf shots, the stymie. The Boston district will keep a systematic point of all stymies laid in inter-collegiate matches. This is a compromise decision, arrived at after a conference called recently to consider the abolition of the most vexatious of all golf shots, the stymie.

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QUOT LEAGUE IS ORGANIZED

Eleven Clubs Have Representatives at Meeting

All quon clubs in the city who wish to enter the Quon League must have their names registered with the secretary of the Edmonton Quon Association. Such was the decision reached at Friday night's meeting of the Association when representatives of eleven clubs in the city congregated. During the meeting, however, which had been drawn up by the executive, were discussed and passed.

Luis Vicentini Will Have Chance at Benny Leonard
NEW YORK, May 3.—Negotiations for a match between Benny Leonard, lightweight champion, and Luis Vicentini, challenger, were announced today. The promoter announced that he had signed Vicentini for the match and that Benny Leonard, Leonard's manager, had agreed to the terms but had not yet signed contracts. The bout will probably be held in June or July.

Charlie Paddock Fails To Lower Record
SEATTLE, Wash., May 3.—Charlie Paddock failed to lower his world's record in the 100 yard dash here today. He beat Vic Hurry, by five yards in 10.1-10th seconds.

Flying Swede Sets Record

Carl Christensen, former Swedish champion, set a new record for the 40 yard indoor hurdles, doing the distance in 7.2-2 seconds. The former record was held by Fred Kelly at eight seconds flat.



Patricia Tennis Club Will Hold Opening on Saturday Night
Although several of the court were in action yesterday afternoon and a number of enthusiasts turned out for a few practice games, the formal opening of the Patricia Tennis Club grounds will not take place until Saturday afternoon. Elaborate plans are being made for the opening of the season proper, and a large crowd is expected to turn out for the ceremony.

Charlie Paddock Fails To Lower Record
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CANADIAN NATIONALS AND ESKIMOS BATTLE THREE TO THREE DRAW

Brown, Brunson and Dunsworth Star for the Eskimos, While Anderson, Mackett and Jones Boys Shine for Nationals—Fine Contest

Playing in clouds of dust that the players made in their strenuous efforts to score, the Eskimo British rugby club and the Canadian Nationals played a three all tie at Diamond park last night. Even "Queenie" Anne Youngs was excited over the outcome of the game. She climbed the fence and showed the fans some of her own bear-pranks. Dog Dunsworth, however, and the whole forward line of the Eskimos played fine rugby. But the work of the Canadian National club was just a shade better on last night's play than the Blubber-Eaters.

RANGERS TO PLAY BEVERLY CREW IN SECOND DIVISION
Bob McDougall Will Not Line up with the Rangers

All members of the Rangers Second Division Football Club, are requested to be at the Memorial hall not later than 4 p. m. Monday evening, from which place they will proceed to Renfrew Park for their scheduled game with Beverly, timed to commence at 6:45. Bob McDougall, star forward of the Rangers' aggregation, will not be in uniform again, as he is being sent to the hospital, where he is recovering from a bad fall. In a game last week, the injured foot was badly sprained, and it is expected that the player will soon be chasing ball once more in the new future. The Rangers will be selected from the following: Gillman, Holmes, Nesbit, Moore, Hargrave, Hest, Johnston, Haverth, Muncie, Jones, Dixon, Sella, Duncan, Lockie.

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When a man needs a car for many jobs he turns instinctively to the Ford touring car. Primarily, the Ford touring car is a family car and as such has established a splendid reputation for service and dependability. But its usefulness does not end there. You will find the Ford touring car doing everything, from the family car to the business car.

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on which to Base the
Day's Business

MORNING NEWS OF THE MARKETS

Grain and Livestock
Stocks and Bonds
Finance and Commerce

Crop Notes

NOTICE
Canadian Pacific Railway
Company

Short Session on Winnipeg Wheat Market Very Active; Buying Good, Prices Down

WINNIPEG, May 3.—Today's short session on the wheat market was quiet after the increased offerings coming out shortly after the opening, but the buying was good and prices advanced about half a cent from the previous close, May touching 1.00 1/4 and 1.01 7/8. This advance was not held, however, and as buying and selling dropped off, the market showed signs of easing and prices fell below the closing figure of Friday with a net loss of 1-8c for May, 1-2c for July and 1 cent for October. The trade volume was not as large as on previous days and seaboard exporters did not show the same interest and were not

inclined to follow the advance of Friday and this morning. Over half sales were estimated from 500,000 to 750,000 bushels, while the sale of 500,000 bushels to the local trade worked. Flax was steady and about unchanged on a small volume of business. The grades of wheat which were in demand today with only light offerings coming out and spreads advanced fractionally. Cash oats and barley were in moderate demand with spreads unchanged. Rye and flax were quiet under a light enquiry.

RANGE IN GRAIN PRICES

	High.	Low.	Close.
WHEAT—			
May	103 1/4	102 1/2	102 3/4
July	104 1/8	103 1/4	103 1/2
October	105 1/4	104 1/2	104 3/4
OATS—			
May	38 1/2	38 1/4	38 1/2
July	40 1/4	40 1/4	40 1/4
October	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2
BARLEY—			
May	63 1/2	62 1/4	62 1/2
July	63 1/4	62 1/4	62 1/4
October	65 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2
FLAX—			
May	216 1/4	215 1/4	215 1/4
July	215 1/2	215 1/2	215 1/2
October	190 1/2	189 1/2	189 1/2
RYE—			
May	65 1/2	65	65
July	67 1/2	67	67
October	67 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2

Winnipeg Cash Prices

WHEAT—			
Number 1 Northern	102 1/2		
Number 2 Northern	99 1/2		
Number 3 Northern	91 1/2		
Number 4 Northern	79 1/2		
Number 5 Northern	79 1/2		
Feed	102 1/2		
Track	102 1/2		
OATS—			
Number 2 C.W.	58 1/2		
Number 3 C.W.	58 1/2		
Number 4 C.W.	58 1/2		
Number 5 C.W.	58 1/2		
Feed	58 1/2		
Track	58 1/2		
FLAX—			
Number 1 N.W.C.	214 1/2		
Number 2 C.W.	214 1/2		
Number 3 C.W.	214 1/2		
Number 4 C.W.	214 1/2		
Feed	214 1/2		
Track	214 1/2		
RYE—			
Number 2 C.W.	65		

Local Grain Market

Edmonton prices based on the freight rates supplied to the Bulletin for the U.G.G. May 3, 1924.			
WHEAT—			
Number 1 Northern	102 1/2		
Number 2 Northern	99 1/2		
Number 3 Northern	91 1/2		
Number 4 Northern	79 1/2		
Number 5 Northern	79 1/2		
Feed	102 1/2		
Track	102 1/2		
OATS—			
Number 2 C.W.	58 1/2		
Number 3 C.W.	58 1/2		
Number 4 C.W.	58 1/2		
Number 5 C.W.	58 1/2		
Feed	58 1/2		
Track	58 1/2		
FLAX—			
Number 1 N.W.C.	214 1/2		
Number 2 C.W.	214 1/2		
Number 3 C.W.	214 1/2		
Number 4 C.W.	214 1/2		
Feed	214 1/2		
Track	214 1/2		
RYE—			
Number 2 C.W.	65		

Winnipeg Livestock

WINNIPEG, May 3.—Aronson's cattle and calves, 50 head and 8 sheep or lambs.

The cattle market was unusually inactive, with few orders for buyers in this with yesterday's closing. The hog market was changed, much smaller trading from 100 to 150 head of April. No trading on the sheep and lamb market due to lack of receipts.

Chicago Livestock

CHICAGO, May 3.—Hogs in good demand, steady to a shade higher, top \$7.75.

Cattle receipts 1,000; top \$10.75. Sheep receipts 4,000; top \$10.75.

Toronto Stocks

TORONTO, May 3.—Barron's closed at 16 1/2, a gain of 1/2. A quiet but firm market today. Toronto was 3 1/2 better than 1/2. Brazil was a shade higher at 21 1/2. C.P.R. sold off 1 1/2 to 1 1/2. Telephones sold 1 1/2 to 1 1/2.

Wholesale Prices

WINNIPEG, May 3.—The index compiled by Professor H. Mitchell of McMaster University, Toronto, stood at 173.9 for the month of April, a decline of 1.6 per cent from the previous figure at the end of March. The index was 174.2 for April, 1923, 184.4 for April, 1922, 192.1 for April, 1921, 192.1 for April, 1920, 192.1 for April, 1919, 192.1 for April, 1918, 192.1 for April, 1917, 192.1 for April, 1916, 192.1 for April, 1915, 192.1 for April, 1914, 192.1 for April, 1913, 192.1 for April, 1912, 192.1 for April, 1911, 192.1 for April, 1910, 192.1 for April, 1909, 192.1 for April, 1908, 192.1 for April, 1907, 192.1 for April, 1906, 192.1 for April, 1905, 192.1 for April, 1904, 192.1 for April, 1903, 192.1 for April, 1902, 192.1 for April, 1901, 192.1 for April, 1900, 192.1 for April, 1899, 192.1 for April, 1898, 192.1 for April, 1897, 192.1 for April, 1896, 192.1 for April, 1895, 192.1 for April, 1894, 192.1 for April, 1893, 192.1 for April, 1892, 192.1 for April, 1891, 192.1 for April, 1890, 192.1 for April, 1889, 192.1 for April, 1888, 192.1 for April, 1887, 192.1 for April, 1886, 192.1 for April, 1885, 192.1 for April, 1884, 192.1 for April, 1883, 192.1 for April, 1882, 192.1 for April, 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NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

**Action !
th Incident !
Love Tale !
Magnificent !
and the Mind !**

THE CAST

LON CHANEY
Patsy Ruth Miller
Norman Kerry
Ernest Torrence
Kato Lester
Winifred Bryson
Nigel de Bruyn
Brandon Hurst
Tully Marshall
Harry Von Meter
Raymond Hatton
Nick de Ruiz
Enlille Jensen
Gladys Brockwell
Roy Laidlaw
W. Ray Meyers
John Cosmar
Edwin Wallock
Wm. Parks, Sr.
and 3,000 supporting
artists

GET IT !

or 60c
..... 75c

Y AT TEN O'CLOCK



HOME BUILDERS DIRECTORY



Don't Drown Your Garden; Allow the Water to Soak In



YOUR GARDEN

Whatever else you do, don't be guilty of drowning your garden. Many beginners make the mistake of watering their crops too much.

This practice is probably founded on the false idea that the more water plants are given the better they will grow.

Too much water is worse than too little.

Better than (re-planting) constantly during season of drought, try shallow cultivation with a good mulch around the plants instead.

This is what horticulturists call

dry soil mulch. It prevents the escape of moisture in the ground. Sprinkling during spring and fall should be done in the morning so the foliage may be dry before the cold of night comes.

Summer watering should be done in the evening so that the moisture may not be evaporated by the sun.

It is only necessary to moisten the soil, don't soak it.

Also, remember that wet foliage on bright days is subject to sun scald.

Keep in mind that moisture poured into the soil feeds upward to the



A Charming Home for the Average Family

THE needs of the small- or moderate size-family where a medium-priced home is desired have been kept in mind every step of the production of the plan of this attractive little home of English precedent. Distinctive in appearance, economical in construction, this design should not be overlooked by anyone looking for a compact efficient house of six good rooms.

A cozy, homey effect is obtained by carrying the main roof over the veranda porch; and such little details as hood over main entrance uniform with roof gable, wrought iron brackets supporting hood, battered shutters, sunken dormers, and the iron railing on the porch produce an altogether delightful and harmonious exterior.

The rooms open porch is feet 6 inches by 15 feet—is particularly well-located under the main roof, with French doors leading from the living room, where it has most privacy that it serves as an outdoor living-room in summer.

There is a coat closet in the vestibule, and the hall is practically square, lighted by casement windows on the upper and lower side landings. The arrangement of the rooms is such as to satisfy both the practical and artistic needs of a home.

Every room has cross ventilation, and yet each room has all the necessary wall space for furniture. Your attention is called to the large living room, where all doorways and openings are centered—its generous brick fireplace, triple casement windows overlooking the front garden, double French doors leading to the porch and door leading to the dining-room.

The dining-room is especially well lighted with

windows overlooking the rear and side gardens. There is a service door to the kitchen, where every provision has been made for kitchen comfort and convenience. In the side entry there is space for a refrigerator and a built-in milk cupboard. The side entrance is designed for economy, as it gives access to and from the kitchen from outside, and to the basement as well.

You seldom see such nice bedrooms in a house of this size, with windows on two sides and such roomy clothes closets in every room. There is a built-in linen closet in the hall, and a medicine cabinet in the bathroom.

OUTLINE OF SPECIFICATIONS

Foundation Walls—Stone or brick-faced with variegated stone from ground to door line.

Cellar Floor—Cement.

Walls—Stone on hollow tie or brick.

Roof—Shingles; Boston hips; wooden ridge; sunken dormers.

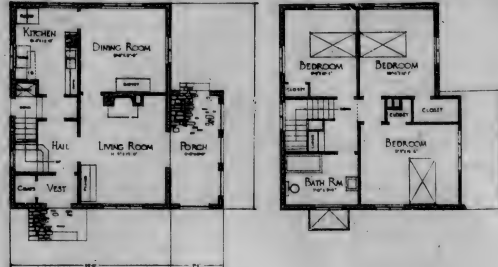
Trim—Stock.

Frames, Doors, Windows—Stock frames; front door to detail, balance stock; casement windows; battered shutters.

Color—Gray-white stucco; variegated colors and size stone base. Frames, shutters, front door and exposed rafters stained brown. Sash and French doors painted ivory white. Gutters and conductors painted black. Roof stained reddish brown.

Inside Finish—As desired.

Heat—Hot air or hot water.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

SECOND FLOOR PLAN

The complete plans and working drawings for this home in brick, hollow tie or frame construction may be secured from THE HOME BUILDERS BUREAU, in care of The Edmonton Bulletin. Cost of working drawings, plans and specifications, \$20.00. In ordering be sure to mention Home Plan number. This one is Number 449.

FOUR DROWNED IN VAT
MAHARAJA
Four men lost their lives in a fire at the Maharaja, near Toronto, as the result of a singular occurrence.

recently, MM. Castagnolo and Guitano, distillers, M. Delmas, a contractor, and a workman named Lodi were overcome by fumes from a large spirit vat and were drowned.

The Perfect Interior finish!

An interesting story by Satin-Glo Sam.



When the SAPCO chemist commenced his experiments and research work, he sought to produce a perfect interior finish for walls, woodwork and furniture. His successful result was—"Satin-Glo"—a satin-like finish that is easy to apply, dries quickly to a hard, smooth, washable surface. It does not fade out or change color.

"Satin-Glo" is finely ground; only mills which are used in manufacturing the finest grade enamels are used in the production of this new interior finish. Every batch is strained through a 250 mesh brass wire bolting cloth; every can is inspected.



"SATIN-GLO" is so free of grit and foreign particles that it makes an ideal finish even for the highest grade furniture. Do not discard or sell your old shabby looking furniture, "Satin-Glo" will restore it to its former brightness; in many instances this perfect finish has far surpassed the original treatment on furniture like chairs, tables and chests of drawers, for color, tone and durability.

Make "Satin-Glo" your household restorer this Spring.



ON SALE AT THE FOLLOWING STORES:
DELTON HARDWARE, 8131 118th Ave. Phone 71995.
J. J. CLARK, 118th Avenue and 96th Street. Phone 72856.
UPRIGHT & BONE, 9215 118th Avenue. Phone 71272.
F. W. SPEERS CO., 10144 86th Street. Phone 2235.
GEO. MCKINLAY HARDWARE, 10707 96th Street. Phone 23396.
MAUND PAINT AND VARNISH CO., LT. D. 10335 Jasper Avenue. Phone 5642.
McCLARY HARDWARE, 10288 101st Street. Phone 2112.
CONNELL & ORIGO, 10208 Jasper Avenue. Phone 1389.
EDMONTON HARDWARE & SUPPLY CO., 10158 96th Street.
FRANK REBER, 10354 Whyte Avenue.
P. MANNING LUMBER CO., 10443 86th Avenue. Phone 3001.

SUNFLOWER

Mammoth Russian, per 100 lbs. \$12.00
Manchurian, per 100 lbs. 10.50

CORN

Minnesota Fodder, No. 12 (Dakota Grown), per bu. 2.50
Northwest Dent, per bu. 3.50
Gibbs, per bu. 3.50
No. 1 Timothy, per 100 lbs. 14.00
No. 2 Timothy, per 100 lbs. 12.00
No. 1 Husker, per 100 lbs. 12.50
No. 1 Western Hye, per 100 lbs. 10.50
No. 2 Western Hye, per 100 lbs. 9.00
No. 1 Alaska Clover, per 100 lbs. 22.00
No. 1 Sweet Clover, per 100 lbs. 16.00

Hullless and Headless Barley, Hullless Oats, Millets, Clovers and all kinds of Vegetable Seeds.

Northern Seed Company Limited

ALBERTA'S RELIABLE SEED HOUSE
Edmonton, Alberta

We Have Strains of all Varieties of

Flower and Vegetable Seeds

THE FINEST SEEDS IN THE WORLD FOR THIS CLIMATE

Giant Flowering SWEET PEA SEEDS

ARE OUR SPECIALTY

We have a complete stock of Sweet Pea Seeds from all the leading specialists in the world, including

BURPEES
SUTTONS
CARTER'S
DOBBISS, Etc. Etc.

GET OUR CATALOGUE

PIKE & CO.

SEEDS MEN

10850 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton. Phone 2766

plant roots like a wick in an oil lamp.

Just because the top surface is dry is no sign that the plants are getting plenty of moisture from below.

Perhaps the best manner of applying water to crops is to open slight furrows alongside the rows of plants and allow water to percolate down through these miniature ditches.

Frequent light sprinkling is desirable. It is best to thoroughly moisten the ground about once every week, providing there has been no drought during a period of drought should be sown in slight furrows which have previously been filled with water.

Permit the water to settle and soak into the soil. Then put your hands in and cover the trench with dry earth.

It is a good practice to visit your garden during the early morning, while the dew is still on the plants. When inspecting will reveal what has happened during the night and prepare you to combat any insect invasion.

Don't attempt a garden of such size that its care will become a burden. A small plot intensifies cultivation for better than one half acre of land.

Pray & McLennan, Ltd.
LUMBER DEALER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES
Phone 11823 8201 114th Ave. Edmonton, Alberta

W. H. CLARK & CO., Limited
LUMBER
Mill Work, Builders' Supplies
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R. P. GRAVES COMPANY LTD.
(Incorporated in B.C.)
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EVERYTHING IN BUILDING MATERIAL.
8121-118th Avenue. Phone 11849

LUMBER
Our stocks of Native Spruce and Fir Lumber are complete in every detail and thoroughly dried. We also have a large stock of 2x4x8 California and No. 1 La Grange Lumber being displayed in the windows of the Johnstone Walker Bldg.

We are quoting low prices in all lines and solicit your inquiries for large or small amounts.

PIKE DELIVERY
D. R. FRASER & CO., LTD.
Sales Office Phone 1020 Mill Office Phone 4147

LONDON Y. W. C. A. EXPANDS
LONDON
With the object of providing for London young women what the Y. W. C. A. movement has done in New York and other big cities of the United States and Canada, a Y. W. C. A. social center is to be built after Oxford Circus at a cost of £750,000. It will cater for 5,000 women daily, and members will be able to take friends of both sexes to the place for dances in the evening.

QUALITY SERVICE
HAYWARD
Cash and Carry
BETTER GOODS
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Visit our Yard and Factory and see the quality of our stock and get our prices before you buy. IT WILL PAY.
Lumber
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We carry a full line of hand-work flooring in Maple and Oak. Carriage arranged to any part of the City.
Special attention to out-of-town orders.
Free delivery to freight sheds.
We are manufacturers of Bath, Toilet, Interior Trim and all kinds of millwork.

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Local News From Edmonton's Auto Row--1924 Motor Car Styles :: ::

AUTO TIPS

Stan White was in Calgary over the week-end.

McLaughlin's latest car has added a new feature to the list of motor vehicles.

J. H. Reynolds has returned from the States where he spent most of the winter.

J. H. Miles & Company is the only service station in Edmonton for the Studebaker.

Alphonsus are not the only folks who have to pay a premium for the materials in Oklahoma have to "sweaty" too.

Who said Chicago was dead? Special Kibbie will serve their customers on all days. J. A. Wagon, of Canadian Motors, 1241 and Jasper, distributors of Williams.

TIRE REPAIR SHOP

(Opp. Macdonald Hotel).

New Tires from \$5.50 and up.

Rebuilds from \$14 on, plus \$14.00 for labor.

Quick Service, on tube vulcanizing. 24-hour service on call.

Phone 5481.

JOHN KENNEDY, Prop.

SNAP!

1923

McLaughlin

Six Touring Car

This car has been only driven 2,000 miles and is in like new condition. Pulls wheel and completely equipped. Phone 5481, 24-hour service on call. A special price on this car.

Phone 2805 and ask for

F. H. Needham

Leave your number I am out

"No hour too late."

No distance too far.

Phone either of these numbers

and we'll take your car."

H. J. Coles

10825 101st Street

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Who said Chicago was dead? Special Kibbie will serve their customers on all days. J. A. Wagon, of Canadian Motors, 1241 and Jasper, distributors of Williams.

New Tires from \$5.50 and up.

Rebuilds from \$14 on, plus \$14.00 for labor.

Quick Service, on tube vulcanizing. 24-hour service on call.

Phone 5481.

JOHN KENNEDY, Prop.

Leave your number I am out

"No hour too late."

No distance too far.

Phone either of these numbers

and we'll take your car."

H. J. Coles

10825 101st Street

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Your Automobile

Stan White was in Calgary over the week-end.

McLaughlin's latest car has added a new feature to the list of motor vehicles.

J. H. Reynolds has returned from the States where he spent most of the winter.

J. H. Miles & Company is the only service station in Edmonton for the Studebaker.

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The Bulletin's Classified Advertising Directory

Rates For Bulletin Classified Ads.

A Cent a Word a Day
Five Cents a Word a Week
Including The Sunday Bulletin

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50¢ per line for one day
\$2.50 per line for two days
\$5.00 per line for one week
\$10.00 per line for two weeks
\$15.00 per line for one month
Legal Advertising 50¢ per word, \$1.00 per line

Simplified Index To Bulletin Classified Advertising

- 1—Announcements
- 2—Agency Wanted
- 3—Agreements of Sale
- 4—Antiques
- 5—Architects
- 6—Articles for Sale
- 7—Articles Wanted
- 8—Automobiles
- 9—Automobiles
- 10—Auto Supplies
- 11—Barbers
- 12—Baths for Sale
- 13—Boats
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AGENTS WANTED

BOY AND GIRLS CAN MAKE MONEY at home. No capital required. Particulars free. Address: Home Supply Corporation, 4500 26th Street, Edmonton.

AGENTS—OPINIONS FOR A FINE

high grade semi-student watches. 21 Jewel movements of highest quality are here being sold from factory to consumer at savings of 50 per cent. Particulars free. Address: National Watch Company, 1000 10th Street, Edmonton.

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AGREEMENTS OF SALE and mortgage purchase plan. Address: 413 Taylor Bldg. Phone 6188.

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ARTICLES FOR SALE

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ARTICLES FOR SALE

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ARTICLES FOR SALE

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GARDEN SEEDS

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1924 Government Tested

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FOR RENT

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FUNERAL DIRECTORS

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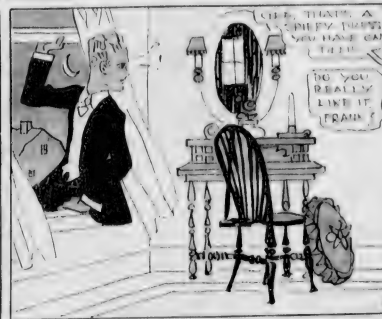
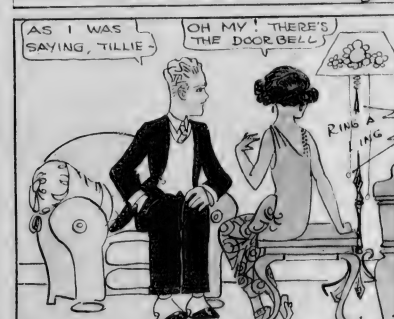
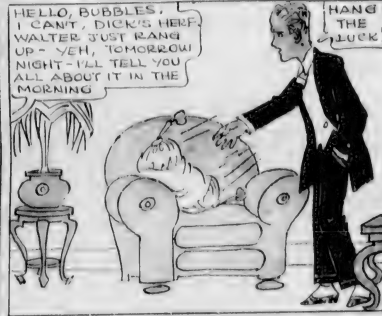
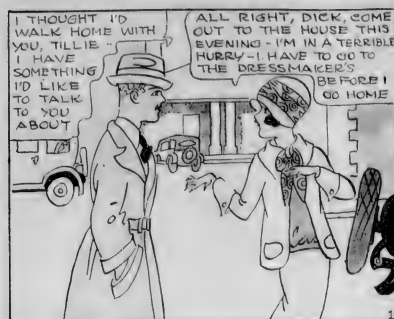
SUNDAY MAGAZINE SECTION

THE EDMONTON BULLETIN, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 4th, 1924



Tillie the Toiler

(Signed L. S. Paine) (C)



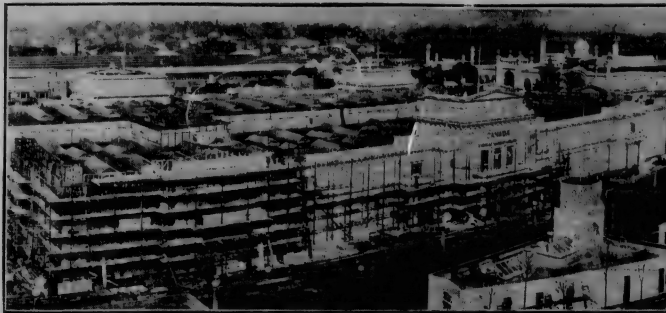
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. "GREAT" "WIZARD" "HARRY" "HARRISON"



Wreck Pastor's House; Not For Newly Rich; Erects Shrine in Yard



Mrs. D. Sorrendino, Syracuse woman, has erected a shrine in her yard in memory of her husband, who died some months ago. The memorial is illuminated each night by both electric and candlelight.



Photograph shows a splendid panoramic view of the Canadian section of the British Empire Exhibition, which opened this month at Wembley, England. In the foreground is the Canadian Pavilion, one of the largest buildings on the grounds.



The home of the Rev. L. E. H. Smith, Buffalo, was blown up recently because he led prohibition agents to places where they might get evidence on men dealing in Canadian booze. A time bomb was planted under the front porch. The house was empty at the time of the explosion.



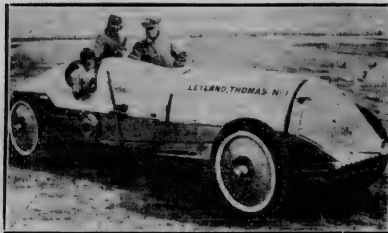
The River Warke, which flows through Poland and Prussia, has over-run its banks, and the surrounding country now looks very much like the canals of Holland or Venice. The only mode of travel is by boat.



This remarkable photograph of the Oxford crew reveals the exhaustion and depression of the beaten eight after their struggle to overtake Cambridge.



Hilton Belyea, Canadian champion sculler, is shown already in training at Putney for the Henley Diamond Sculls. Later he is to continue his training in France for the Olympic races.



Ferry Thomas, English speed rider, has issued a world challenge to a race with this specially built car which he has designed. Mrs. George Duller, seated in car, broke the woman's record for the 100-mile race last year.



The Duchess of Norfolk, said to be the wealthiest woman in Great Britain, has offered Arundel Castle for rent for \$40,000 annually. She stipulates that it shall not be leased to any newly-rich person.



Little Maxine Dunn, as 'Goodnight,' was one of the pupils in the Toronto School of Dramatic Arts who took part in a costume recital recently in aid of the Toronto Humane Society.



Each year at Easter time along the roads of German Saxony go cavalcades like the one shown in the photograph. This is the 'Easter Ride' of the farmers. Instead of plough harness, the horses wear fine coverings of cloth.



A party of over a hundred boys and girls, ranging from ten to seventeen years of age, from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, left England recently en route for Canada. Here's a happy group.



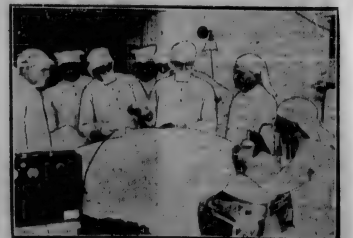
Photograph shows the work room in the men's residence of the Canadian Institute for the Blind, Toronto, where amputees are taught basket weaving and other profitable trades.



Alfred Duggan, son of Lady Curzon, is shown previous to leaving home for the south seas in search of adventure. Left to right are Lady Curzon, Prince Oblinsky, Mr. Alfred Duggan and Lord Curzon.



There is plenty of action these days in the vicinity of the Naval Academy at Annapolis where fencers are in training for the Olympic try-out.



The newest in surgical technique—a bloodless operation—was performed in Chicago recently. The new 'radio knife' the size of a knitting needle is used, with a low-power radio transmitting set.

Why I Think Ninety Years is the Ideal Age

Chauncey M. Depew, Spry and Happy in the Content of His Four Score and Ten, Tells Why It Is Much Nicer to Be Old Than Young

"At ten years a boy begins to think seriously"

"NINETY years old—and glad of it! Twenty a man is raw and green and afraid of that mystery, existence. At ninety he's settled in business, he's surrounded by friends, he's on cordial terms with life. I wouldn't be twenty again for anything in the world."

"So far in my experience ninety is the ideal age. Perhaps 100 is even better. I expect to find out."

"It's hardly necessary to say who spoke the gallant words reflecting such a mellancholy philosophy. Chauncey Depew accompanied them with his famous chuckle, leaning back in the high chair before his office desk and laughing to think any one should suppose ninety years a burden. The hundreds of thousands of hangers-on who know him as a man big in both physical and mental stature, meticulously but quietly dressed and distinguished by the aristocratic white side whiskers that give him in profile a resemblance to President Fillmore."

It had been a busy spring morning for the chairman of the Board of Directors of the New York Central Railroad. Recently returned from a month at Palm Beach, he found his office on the sixteenth floor of the Terminal Building—where he commanded a wide sweep of the East River and its shipping—full of documents that needed the Depew consideration and signature. To the task involved he brought a mind as keen as ever, eye-light better than that of many a youth, hearing unimpaired and a physique which a man of sixty might well envy.

"Why, I feel as well as I ever did," exclaimed Mr. Depew. "and however bright my brain was, it's as bright as that now."

"The natural query was how a man can live to be ninety. Mr. Depew insisted that a man may live by just keeping on living and in due course of time ninety would be reached. But the next logical query—how to keep on living—"Keep interested," Mr. Depew replied; "don't retire from business. I come down after 10 and stay till after 4. You notice a man who has prospered and got along in years—and retire, enjoy his money or to rest. I give such a man three years to live."

"Just as first years, by retiring a man grips him for years. His whole mental nature has to readjust itself and can't. His physical nature has to adjust itself also and falls even more conspicuously. When a man retires what is there for him to do?"

"If he continues living in the city he goes daily to his club and lounges around. At his club he eats too much

"At twenty he wonders what work he'd best go into, and that's a very grave question." Mr. Depew's eyes smiled as he spoke

"At thirty he's afraid he didn't choose the right career"

mother's to be literally true. If he goes out to live in the country, for the first year he picks up all the stones on his lawn and puts them into a stone wall. The second year there aren't any more stones, so he goes down to the village and lounges around the store. Then the village bootlegger is introduced and the third year in the country the man gets to feeling sick from too much food and drink and too little exercise and mental stimulus; he begins to take all sorts of medicine, and that makes him feel worse, so finally he just gives up and dies."

"For myself I have no routine except coming to the office every day. I don't go in for special exercises. I don't diet. I just work and depend on the family doctor to cure me when I get sick. After all, that's his job."

From the kindly twinkle in his eyes and the humorous sympathy of his smile you'd suppose Chauncey Depew had known nothing his whole life through but calmness and prosperity. A question about what he thinks of life, anyway, of what is the sweetest thing he has found in it and the blindest dispelled that illusion.

"The sweetest, the finest thing life has brought me?" he repeated. "My friends. He said it without a moment's pause for thought. 'I love congenial people. I love a crowd. I love to live in the city. When I'm alone I'm very lonely indeed.'"

"Life," to be sure, brings unpleasant experiences. Twice over I have lost everything I had. But the thing that has never failed to comfort me when matters went wrong was what my mother used to say when I came home from school terribly disturbed by some boyhood calamity. My mother was a rigid religious and a learned one. 'Misfortune,' she told me more than once, 'is sent by God for your discipline, and if you accept it and a World War or some other political upheaval. But I believe in the United States. In fact, I've staked my whole life and business career

on that belief. I've invested in it. The United States is quite all right. You may have a quail when you see some of our Congressmen in our time, and there must be as many good men in the country now as were ever sent to Washington. In course of time we shall have more good Congressmen. And, I may add, I do not believe the cranks can ever remain long in power."

"The biggest difference, it seems to me, between my youth and the youth of today is in the matter of literature. I love to read, although I get little time to read nowadays—except the newspapers. My favorite author is Washington Irving, who used to be a neighbor of mine upstate in Peekskill, where I was born. In former times a new book by Dickens or Thackeray or Cooper or the Brontës or Scotts—whose books I especially admired—was an event. People watched for it eagerly. I don't know of any author now about whom this could be said."

"What author is there today for whom new books the majority of people are eagerly waiting? Why is it that truly great books are not being written? Surely the World War was big enough to call them forth. Perhaps the World War was too big. Perhaps it was so big that people can't write about it yet—no, it's still, perhaps, stunned by the bigness of it."

"And so we come from the Marne and Verdun to—Tosapi Dome!"

"The suggestion that Tosapi Dome is a pretty good little war at that awakes the famous chuckle again."

"Some people seem to think it's as important as Verdun," he acknowledged. "It was an observation which led to an amusing comment on the things that people take seriously. 'A friend of mine

came to me some time ago looking very ill,' said Mr. Depew. 'He said his business affairs were troubling him and that he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. 'What shall I do?' he asked. 'Don't take anything seriously,' I told him."

"But I've got to," he said. 'My business! I've had to take that seriously for years.'"

"Just the trouble with you," I said. "Nothing," I said.

"He came into the office about six months later looking jaunty in dress and happy in countenance. 'Then taking any thing seriously?' I asked. 'Not a thing,' he replied. 'And how did it work?' I inquired."

"Well," he answered, "I gained my health and lost my friends."

"It's like compiling a handy guide to the important railroads, banks and Republican National Conventions of the last half century when you begin to enumerate the posts which Chauncey Depew has held. Born in Peekskill, N. Y., on April 23, 1844, and graduating from Yale at the age of twenty-two, he became successively a famous lawyer, New York Secretary of State, president of a railroad, director in a telegraph company and in a half a dozen banks, delegate to various Republican National Conventions, at one of which he nominated Benjamin Harrison for the presidency of the United States; orator at the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty, the centennial of Washington's inauguration and the opening of the Chicago World's Fair, a peerless after-dinner speaker, a United States Senator, a member of the Corporation of Yale University and a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. He has been appointed United States Minister to Japan and United States Secretary of State, both of which honors he declined. And he received ninety-nine votes as a nominee for the presidential nomination in the Republican National Convention of 1904."

All in all it has been a full and active

"At seventy he begins to be ambitious and wants to make something of himself. At eighty he begins to think life is pretty good, after all"

"At fifty he's on his feet again and sure he chose the right career"

"At ninety he's sure of it," and the aged philosopher smiled blandly

ninety years. Which years have brought the greatest happiness?"

"The last ten," Mr. Depew answered. "Ninety, as I told you, is the ideal age. A man's life naturally falls into decades. Let me show you why ninety is the high point—unless, indeed, 100 is higher."

"At ten years a boy begins to think seriously. At twenty he wonders what work he'd best go into, and that's a very grave question. At thirty he's afraid he didn't choose the right career. At forty he generally has a financial smash because he has worked with his nose to the grindstone and didn't notice where his business was headed."

"At fifty he's on his feet again and sure he chose the right career. At sixty he's on his feet again and sure he chose the right career. At seventy he begins to be ambitious and wants to make something of himself. At eighty he begins to think life is pretty good, after all. At ninety he's sure of it," and the aged philosopher smiled blandly.

"Oh, yes," Chauncey Depew summed up, "ninety's a wonderful age; the best of ages. You'll find out I'm right when you get to be ninety. A man comes to his twentieth birthday, and the President tells him the allotted span is about three score—three score and ten, if he's lucky. And after three score and ten, all is vanity and misery."

"Well—once more the infectious chuckle—"The seventy-year-old simply finds this last so. And the mass of seventy looks at the life David led and doesn't wonder he died at seventy-two."

"THERE I am, one score years beyond the Psalmist's allotted span, and I'm not a bit better. I never enjoyed life more. Never enjoyed it as much. It's much nicer to be old than young, but nobody believes it because most men worry themselves into an early grave and don't get a chance to find out."

The kindly old philosopher, who during his long life has consistently preached the gospel of cheer, looked the living embodiment of everything he had said. His voice is still strong and clear, and time has been powerless to dim the eyes that have laughed through good fortune and bad for fully twenty years longer than most men are given.

During his life Mr. Depew has seen the Nation three times embroiled in war; once when the Union was threatened, again when Cuba was asked to free freedom, and then the World War. His view of affairs has in it something of the aloofness of time itself; the years have taught him to keep his eyes on the things that are and not to be disturbed and rivened a philosophy which always sought to see the best rather than the worst in his fellowmen.

The Days of Torture Among the Insane

How Rich and Cultured Chicago Mother Was "Railroaded" to Madhouse in Diabolic Plot to Cheat Her Out of a Family Estate Worth Millions While Her Husband Lay Dying



The courts, after awarding Mrs. Glendinning \$100,000 damages, have returned her to her fatherless children. Mr. Glendinning died while his wife was held in a Wisconsin asylum.

A HARROWING tale of torture and persecution hardly rivaled save in accounts of medieval inquisitions was unfolded in Chicago during the hearing of a suit for \$100,000 brought against the trustees of her husband's \$4,000,000 estate by Mrs. Augusta J. Glendinning.

Mrs. Glendinning, the mother of five children, charges that she was the victim of a plot by which the conspirators sought to have her confined in an insane asylum so they could gain control of the vast estate. She charges she was taken from her home at midnight while her husband lay dying in a hospital, and that for ten days she was held prisoner in a Chicago hospital, and that during this period she was forced to live and associate with insane persons. Her story on the witness stand was a remarkable document, purporting to show how a typical mother, with no knowledge of the law, could be "railroaded" to a madhouse.

When she rebelled against the treatment accorded her she says an attendant slapped her. After the ten-day period she says that she was spirited out of the State to a madhouse in Wisconsin, where she was held prisoner for more than six weeks. In the meantime the alleged conspirators planned to have her removed to another madhouse in Texas, and eventually to an asylum in Mexico.

All during the period of her incarceration she charges that she was subjected to countless tortures and indignities. She was finally released, when her captors became frightened, she asserts, and she hurried to the deathbed of her husband, arriving in time to hear officials of the hospital in which he died calling an undertaker to prepare his body for burial.

FOLLOWING a lengthy and sensational hearing the jury which heard the case awarded her every cent of the \$100,000 for which she asked and the judge bitterly assailed the alleged conspirators in a scathing statement, delivered from the bench. No sum, even though it were as much as \$1,000,000, could compensate Mrs. Glendinning for wrongful imprisonment in an institution for the insane, said the judge, who added that the defendants had obtained more than \$100,000 from the estate.

Mrs. Glendinning has since sued to have Thomas Davis and William Palmer, principal defendants in her action, removed as trustees. Mrs. Glendinning, quiet, refined and obviously a cultured woman, was on the witness stand for three days during the hearing of the case. She told in greatest detail every incident in her harrowing, nerve-wrecking experience.

Robert Glendinning, her husband, emigrated to the United States from the North of Ireland about forty years ago. He became a roofer and later perfected a fortune. In middle life, after he had established himself in comfortable circumstances, he married the girl who had been the sweetheart of his early youth. They had six children, one of whom died. Mrs. Glendinning on the stand testified that Thomas Davis and William Palmer of being responsible for all of her troubles. It was because of their machinations, she said, that her husband became ill. Until Davis came

into their lives she asserted that there never had been trouble. "He was my husband's cousin," she said, "and my husband felt that he should do things for him. As a result of this attitude we took him into our home, and later I hired him as my chauffeur." Came a time, at last, when her husband's health began to fail and it was then, she charged, that Davis began plotting to gain control of the \$4,000,000 estate. "He took him away to West Baden," she said, "and he wouldn't let me go. I pleaded with him to be near my husband, and he refused me. Then he poisoned my husband's mind against me, told him that I was unfaithful."

When her husband returned from the Indiana health resort, she said, she was given the first intimation of Davis' action. It came out of a clear sky and left her stunned and dazed. "I met them at the door. My husband was terrible to behold. He pushed me aside, saying, 'I thought I had your love. Where is this other man?' There was no other man, and I did not know what to say. That same afternoon, they took him away to a hospital and they forbade me to visit him."

"I did visit once—twice—and that was the last time I saw him alive," Davis, Mrs. Glendinning charges, in the meantime made the arrangements that ended in her being taken to an asylum. The doctor, who is the head of the hospital and a confidant in the damage suit with a nurse, visited her at her home, she said. Although the court ruled that the doctor was not liable for damages, Mrs. Glendinning was most bitter toward him. He came into her home, she said, at three o'clock and subjected her to innumerable sanity tests.

"He jumped at me," said Mrs. Glendinning on the witness stand; "he jumped at me, shouting 'You drink! You drink!' I told him I did not, then I ordered him from the house." That same night policemen came, with a policeman, and took her away to the hospital. She was landed out of bed like a common miscreant and, despite the fact that it was bitterly cold,



Torn away from her crying children in the dead of night, Mrs. Glendinning was carried off into a noisome place, alive with the shrieks and pitiful pleadings of the insane. Into this refuge was thrust this gentle woman.

were beating on the doors of their rooms. One woman shrieked hymn all night long, and another talked about a ride to Mars in an airplane.

"Why I had been placed in custody was more than I could fathom. All I knew was that policemen had come to my home and taken me away by force to this terrible place of horror and torment."

"My worst fears were realized the day when she learned that she was in a madhouse! Worse was to

ing lunatics. She described on the stand her frightful experiences of that terrible first night.

"They were screaming and whistling all around me," she said. "Some were beating on the doors of their rooms. One woman shrieked hymn all night long, and another talked about a ride to Mars in an airplane."

"Why I had been placed in custody was more than I could fathom. All I knew was that policemen had come to my home and taken me away by force to this terrible place of horror and torment."

"My worst fears were realized the day when she learned that she was in a madhouse! Worse was to



Amid surroundings which she says were similar to those of a French madhouse of a previous generation, Mrs. Glendinning was held, torn by grief for her children and for her husband, from whose deathbed she had been torn. The above picture is the reproduction of a famous painting of a French madhouse.

she was forced to ride in a patrol wagon, a shabby blanket about her shoulders. Following the patrol wagon in her own luxurious heated limousine were Davis and Palmer, the alleged conspirators. "I did not know what had happened," she testified. "I thought I was under arrest, so I made no disturbance." As a matter of fact, she was taken to the hospital without a single committal order, paper other than a certificate signed by the doctor who examined her to the effect that she needed institutional care.

It developed at the trial that she did not fail to pass a single sanity test to

which she later was subjected. The hospital in which she was taken is the city's clearing house for the mentally unfit. There are brought all the poor, mad riff-raff of the city—the drug fiends, the alcoholics, the morose, the violently insane. Nights in the hospital are hideous with shrieks and screams; the pitiful pleadings of the insane; the gibbering of idiots.

Ann into this terrible refuge was brought this gentle, cultured woman, who had always had servants at her beck and call, her clothing, jewelry and her valuables were taken from her and she was placed in a ward with rav-

come. She was subjected to a physical examination. Garbed only in a cheap muslin sheet she was "literally dragged" to the private office of an internist. She rebelled when he examined her, and he repeatedly slapped her.

One bit of testimony stands out in startling relief. Brownstein and cowed, she turned to Mr. Palmer, all the yearning of mother love in her voice, and she asked him:

"I guess then, I had better forget all about my children?" And he answered her "Yes, you had better forget about them."

While Mrs. Augusta J. Glendinning was held in asylums for the insane for more than six weeks her husband died.

After ten days she was taken, at night, to a sanatorium in Wisconsin. There new indignities and tortures were put upon her. Despite her vehement protestations she was compelled to submit to a spinal serum test, in which fluid was withdrawn from her spine, and following which she was confined to her bed suffering untold agony and pain for three days. Then she was forced to undergo a blood test, and all the time she was there she was subjected to what neurologists call the "water treatment," placed in a swinging hammock and sprayed from head to foot with streams of water.

She was kept under strict surveillance in a private room in the institution, but she was forced to take her meals in the common dining room with other inmates, all suffering from mental and nervous disorders. In the meantime her husband's condition had become steadily worse and he had been removed to a sanatorium in Kenilworth, Ill. News of his condition was kept from her until he was in a dying state.

Attaches of the sanatorium made secret arrangements for her to visit her dying husband. Accompanied by an attendant, she left the sanatorium at daybreak and hurried to the Kenilworth institution, just across the line in Illinois. With palpitating heart, worried, anxious, she mounted the steps of the institution and stopped by the grill at the office. The telephone operator was busily engaged at the switchboard.

What she heard sent an icy chill to her heart, caused her to totter and grip the brass railing of the grill for support. The switchboard girl was calling an undertaker to come to prepare her husband's body for burial. "Too late! He was gone already! And she had been denied the last farewell! Mrs. Glendinning collapsed."

The shock of her husband's death was too much. Then, if ever, her mind came to the snapping point. Remembrances of all the indignities she had suffered flooded back over her, and this, this was the crowning injury of all!

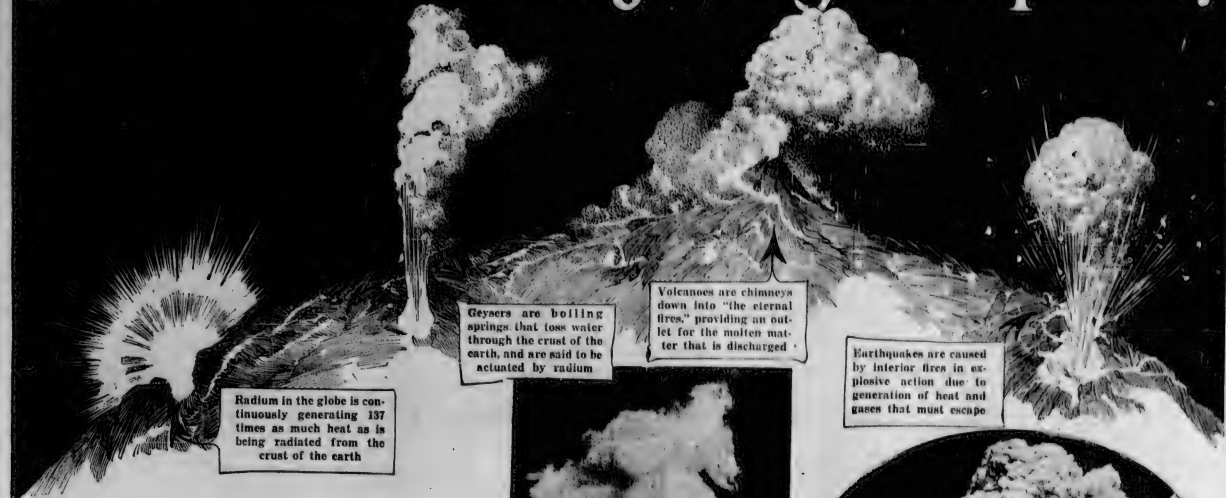
BUT her troubles were soon to end. She prayed incessantly for two days and nights for relief from her imprisonment among the insane. At her husband's funeral on the third day following his death she met his lawyer, Roger Sherman, head of the Chicago Bar Association, and she also met former Judge McKean-Gleason, both of whom were destined to become her protectors and avengers.

Upon her return from the burial of her husband she sobbed out the whole sorry tale, the tragedy of a woman who did not know the law and who thought her experiences were in conformity with the law. She was immediately sent to Chicago, back to her home and her children. There she found Davis in charge. Her first act was to order him from the house. He refused to leave and she called Judge McKean-Gleason to her aid.

The interview was very brief indeed between the lawyer and the man she charged with persecuting her. "I will see you just one hour to get out and stay out," thundered the Judge over the phone. Davis left within twenty minutes.

The story ends here because Mrs. Glendinning refused to prosecute Davis and the others criminally, confining herself with a damage suit.

Is the World Getting Ready to Explode?



Geysers are boiling springs that toss water through the crust of the earth, and are said to be actuated by radium.

Volcanoes are chimneys down into "the eternal fires," providing an outlet for the molten matter that is discharged.

Earthquakes are caused by interior fires in explosive action due to generation of heat and gases that must escape.

Radium in the globe is continuously generating 137 times as much heat as is being radiated from the crust of the earth.

Science Explains Warmer Winters and Increase in Earth Disturbances as Due to Slow Melting of Earth's Crust and Generation of Heat From "Hell Fires" of Radium and Other Mineral Deposits

WILL the earth some day become a star? Many scientists, among them geologists of highest reputation, now believe that something of the kind must inevitably take place.

To begin with, the earth is growing steadily, though slowly, warmer. The notion, long held, that our planet is getting progressively colder, chilling, with a gradual shrinking of its crust, bids fair to be abandoned.

Recent warmth in the Arctic Ocean, wholly unprecedented, with vast spaces of open water where hitherto ice-floes have covered the sea, may or may not have relation to the matter. Winters in our own country have grown milder within the last century. Other indications that seem to point in the same direction might be mentioned.

The new theory, summed up in a few words, is that the crust of the earth is melting from beneath, and that eventually the outside of the globe will become incandescent in effect, a shell of fire. When that comes about, the terrestrial sphere will shine with a light of its own. It will be a small star.

If it is really true that our planet is getting hotter, what furnishes the heat? The answer is, radium. The Government Bureau of Mines estimates that the total quantity of radium contained in the globe must be continuously generating 137 times as much heat as is being radiated outward from the crust of the earth.

The rocky crust of our planet is so poor a conductor that not much heat comes through it from the incandescent core of the globe, where temperatures undoubtedly run up to 8000 or 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. But the radium goes on generating heat, and, so little of it being allowed to escape, the temperature of the earth's interior is steadily rising, with the result that the under side of the crust is melting.

The process is very slow, but its effect is to render the crust progressively thinner. Time being of no account in the workings of nature, it may be supposed that soon will elapse before the interior fires break through to the surface; but, if the new theory is correct, it must happen some day.

In the meantime, what is going to happen to mankind? If the new theory survives for a few million years longer, will the increase in temperature be at first a source of discomfort and later



The world's supply of radium is estimated at 142 grams. The white represents the amount refined in Pennsylvania; the black, all other radium refined in the United States and the gray, at the top, all that refined abroad.

a cause of suffering, which will end in the destruction of humanity? Poor man! Will the planet become literally too hot to hold him? Is it his destiny to be destroyed by radium?

Interior fires breaking through? Surely they are doing so already, and in great many places. What else do we mean when we speak of volcanic eruptions?

A volcano, no matter how huge, is nothing but an ash-pile surrounding the opening of a chimney that runs down into the earth. Such "burning mountains" are plentifully scattered over many regions. They are vents through which fiery materials from the interior are thrown out.

THE crust of the earth is less thick, relatively to size, than the shell of an egg. Inside of it is a huge ball of living fire, not flaming, nor molten in the ordinary sense of that term, but an incandescent mass, with a temperature far fierier than any known to us outside of the electric furnace.

Radium, one of the rarest and most powerful of all the substances known to man, has so far never been isolated except in the smallest of particles. In the picture is shown an apparatus in the Bureau of Mines at Washington for the study of the gaseous emanations from radium. It is under the direct supervision of Dr. S. C. Lind, chief chemist of the Bureau of Mines.

Normally, going down from the surface, temperature increases at a rate of about thirty degrees Fahrenheit per mile. But in places great heat is found at shallow depths. A familiar example is the Yellowstone National Park, where springs boil, geysers toss up hot water, and, in the so-called fire hole district, the whole country seems to be on fire.

Why these hot spots? Probably, say the geologists, because of the presence of great deposits of radium-bearing ores. At Vale, in Oregon, enormous quantities of water at 200 degrees, near to boiling point, flow from wells only sixty feet deep. It is inferred that there are masses of radium-bearing rocks down below.

Radium produces energy. The rays it sends out are stopped by surrounding substances, and their tremendous energy

One of the strangest sights of Yellowstone Park, the land of strange sights, is the geysers. In the picture Old Faithful is shown at night, the photograph being taken by the aid of powerful lights thrown on the plume-like stream of boiling water.

a thereby converted into heat. Just as the energy of an armor-piercing shell from a rifled gun is transformed into heat when it strikes a steel target, partly melting the projectile and producing a burst of actual flame at the point of impact.

The question naturally suggests itself, how is it possible to estimate the total quantity of radium contained in the terrestrial globe?

To make this clear, it should be explained that the "parent" of radium is a metal called uranium, which is one of the most widely distributed substances in nature. It is found in all soils and in all waters. In all rocks it occurs in almost uniform quantity, and the likelihood seems to be that the same remark would apply to the entire crust of the earth. If this be so, the presumption is that it would apply also to the whole body of the globe.

Wherever it occurs, this metal always contains radium in the proportion of one part of the latter to 3,000,000 of uranium.

IN A few places there are known deposits of extraordinarily rich ores. One of them is in the vicinity of Joachimsthal, Austria, where uranium was first discovered, occurring in the form of a yellow oxide called pitchblende.

Others, in Colorado and Utah, until recently produced nearly all of the world's supply of radium.

The mines in those States, however, have been put out of business by a new and wonderful "find" of much richer deposits in Katanga, a tongue of the Belgian Congo (in middle Africa) extending southward into Northern Rhodesia.

But, generally speaking, the distribution of uranium throughout the earth's crust seems to be very uniform. It is found in all rocks, and water drawn from any deep well has some measure of radio-activity, manifestly owing to contact with the radium-bearing metal.

Though ordinarily it occurs only in very small quantities, the total amount of uranium which the earth contains is very great, and, if it be divided by 3,000,000, the quotient is the total of radium in this planet of ours.

Having reckoned in this way the total radium content of the globe, the scientists, knowing exactly how much heat the substance gives out per gram, are able to estimate the total of heat generated by all of the radium which the earth contains.

Uranium has been spoken of as the "parent" of radium, but it more properly be called the ancestor. For uranium, in nature, undergoes a series of transformations, through which it is converted into radium, and finally into lead. But the quantity of radium in the terrestrial globe does not lessen, because it is continually recruited from uranium, the supply of which is inexhaustible.

The process by which uranium is transformed into radium is almost incredibly slow, so that, though the former metal is relatively plentiful, radium must always be exceedingly scarce.

Allow time enough, and all radium becomes lead. But in between there are several successive transformations.

Radium transforms itself directly into a gas, very slowly. If in the lifetime of Christ a priest-navigator of that period had had in his possession a grain, or any other quantity, of that wonderful substance, more than half of it would have disappeared by now. In thirteen more centuries all of it would be gone.

That certainly does seem slow. But consider the case of uranium, which requires nine billion years to transform itself into something else. Even then it does not convert itself immediately into radium, but, before assuming the latter

form, goes through several metamorphoses.

Imagine a lake in a mountain top, with a stream flowing down from it and forming a series of pools at different levels. Call the lake uranium. Radium, then, is a small pool nearly half way down the mountain side. There are pools above it and pools below. The pool next above radium is the metal ionium, which is the immediate parent of radium. Ionium was discovered in 1903 by Prof. Holtwood, of Yale, who isolated it from the uranium ores of Colorado.

The scales of pools is meant, as a rhetorical figure, to represent the metamorphoses which uranium undergoes. All of the substances concerned are solids, except that into which radium is directly transformed. Reverting to the figure, the pool next below radium is a gas. At the bottom of the mountain is a pool of lead.

The lake of uranium in the mountain top is so large, and the stream flowing out of it so small, that its contents can never be exhausted. And, the stream being so small, the pool of radium can never be more than a relatively little one. Thus it will be understood why, in nature, radium is so scarce.

BUT how about helium? Does not one hear of that as a product of radium, incidental to the transformations which the latter undergoes? Certainly, yes. But it is better described as a by-product. One might think of it as a by-product thrown off from the stream as it descends the mountain side.

Volcanoes have been one of nature's mysteries. What makes them burn? What is it that produces their fiery eruptions, also so frequently catastrophic? Again the answer is, radium.

In volcanic regions, at great depths in the earth's crust, there are, according to the new theory, enormous masses of rocks exceptionally rich in radium. Very high temperatures are thereby engendered, and fiery materials, seeking outlets, force their way up through the shell of the planet, building the gigantic ash-piles which we call volcanoes. Many considerable land areas are thus created.

Helium, if the theory be correct, created the island of Sicily. It is responsible for the terrifying volcanoes of Japan, of the Caribbean, and of the Alaskan Peninsula.

Explaining the cause of everlasting and unquenchable fire over which the island of Java is located.

Tragedy Came to Every Man Who Loved Her

Mystery in the Sudden Death of Beautiful Zoe Wilkins Overshadowed by Revealed Story of Varied Disasters That Came to Those Who Knew Her Intimately



The first husband of the beautiful Zoe was shot, and when they came upon her standing over his body she said she had mistaken him for a burglar.

Two years later an Oklahoma banker who embezzled thousands with which to buy her presents was sent to prison.



THE death of beautiful Zoe Wilkins leaves a trail of tragedy to every man who dared to love this capricious woman. One admirer, facing disgrace and ruin, killed himself; another is in prison, a confessed embezzler, who admitted that he stole for her; a third was shot down while attempting a robbery.

Still another, Thomas W. Cunningham, seventy-two-year-old millionaire, gave her half of his fortune and died of a broken heart.

Every man who loved her blamed her for his downfall, and now . . .

The hand of a mysterious assassin has brought to an abrupt and tragic end the spectacular career of this woman, whose beguiling wiles brought her fortune, and who was the wife at one time or another, of no less than four different men. Barely have criminal investigators been faced with a more complex mystery than the one shrouding her death.

She was found in her home in Kansas City, Mo., foully done to death. Her throat was slashed and, scattered about in the wildest confusion, were papers indicating that her slayer had ransacked the house. A great hole burned in the Turkish rug on which her body lay indicated that an attempt had been made

Next came a youth found dead in an alley with a note in which he said Zoe had driven him to the pistol because she had ruined his life.



The room in which Zoe Wilkins' body was found was in the wildest confusion, as if it had been ransacked thoroughly, but there was no evidence of anything having been taken.

to set fire to the building to destroy evidence of the crime. Every door and window of the home was securely fastened, but when the police broke in, they discovered the key to the front door lying on the inside a few feet from the entrance. The authorities are in a quandary as to how the murderer got out of the house.

Was she the man? And why was the house so completely ransacked? Was he in search of some letter or document of an incriminating nature? Was he, perhaps, one of the many men, the threat of whose life had crossed her, and who came out of the past to exact vengeance? Or was she slain by some new admirer? None of these questions has as yet been answered.

While no attempt at robbery detection, according to police detec-

tives, a mysterious strongbox, said to contain diamonds, jewelry, currency and bonds worth more than \$100,000, is missing. Was robbery the motive of the slaying after all?

After more than three weeks' tireless investigation, in which hundreds of clues, throughout the country, have been run down, the Kansas City authorities reluctantly admit that they are baffled. Delving into her past life for a possible motive for the crime, however, they have unearthed many amazing things. She was born in Lamar, Mo., and was the youngest of twelve children. Early in life she determined to become an osteopath. With this end in view she attended a college of osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo. There she met C. A. Garring, a fellow student, and the man who became her first husband.

The night following their graduation

An Oklahoma City furniture dealer who came under her spell was shot and killed as a robber by the police following a spectacular raid at the scene of a big robbery.

The last of her victims was a banker, seventy-two years old, whom she had railroaded to an asylum after petting away with the greater part of his \$300,000.

And now, as the last chapter, they found her slain by the knife in her own apartments, where she was ostensibly an osteopathic physician.



Above is the house in which Zoe Wilkins was done to death.

There was about Zoe Wilkins a charm and lure which drew men irresistibly to her, and during her strange career, which was closed by a murderer's knife, she was five times married.

An elopement was planned and they went to live in San Antonio, Texas. One night, shortly after midnight, a fusillade of shots brought police to the home, and they found Garring lying on the lawn with two bullets in his body. His young wife stood over him, a smoking revolver in her hand.

Questioned by the police, she explained that she had mistaken her husband for a burglar; had shot him as he mounted the front steps and then fired another bullet through his stomach as he staggered back. Dr. Garring recovered, but soon after he went to Oklahoma City, where he obtained a divorce. At the time the decree was handed down by the judge he declared that his marriage had "been a foolish mistake," and that his young wife was "too temperamental and hot-headed."

Within two years after her divorce from Dr. Garring, an Oklahoma banker confessed that he had embezzled thousands of dollars and had spent the money on her. Costly presents of diamonds, imported gowns, gorgeous furs and lavish entertainments were showered on the lovely Zoe by her banker husband. He was sent to prison for a long term.

A few months later a youth, a mere boy, was found dead in an alley, a pistol in his hand and beside him a letter blaming Zoe for his suicide, saying that she had ruined his life and that death was the only way out of it all. So far three men had already suffered under her influence.

Next in sequence came Grover Burckman, a wealthy and reputable furniture dealer of Oklahoma City, who married her only to disappear mysteriously a short time later after his business had been ruined. She left Oklahoma a few weeks later and journeyed to Texas again.

THEN one night the police of San Antonio shot and killed a robber following a spectacular fight, when the burglar was caught red-handed in the midst of a robbery. It was Burckman. Zoe was arrested and questioned. She admitted she had been living with Burckman again, although she professed ignorance as to what he was doing for a livelihood. She expressed great concern when informed by the police that most of the costly furnishings in their home, her beautiful clothes and many of her belongings had been purchased with stolen money.

It was following this episode in her eventful life that she met Mr. Cunningham. He was seventy-two and one of the foremost citizens of Joplin, Mo. He was president of Joplin's most prosperous bank and he had twice been

Mayor. The charming Zoe captivated him and he gave himself up to dreams of love. Following a whirlwind courtship, they were married and came to Chicago to spend their honeymoon.

The Joplin banker gave his young wife everything she asked for—motocars, a town and country home, rings, bracelets and brooches studded with rare stones—in fact, everything that money could buy was bestowed upon her by her elderly husband. He gave her, for instance, all of the stock of his bank, which she promptly sold for something more than \$200,000.

He gave her real estate, money, bonds and in return she gave him kisses. But the love dream of the old banker was not to continue for long. Several of his friends back in Joplin took it upon themselves to intervene.

Then, too, Mrs. Tabitha Taylor, the banker's seventy-year-old housekeeper, came upon the scene. She charged that she had cared for him for twenty-five years and that the marriage ceremony he had undergone with the beautiful Zoe was illegal. She added that it was her money which had given him his start on the road to wealth.

IT WAS finally arranged by three of the bankers' friends to kidnap him. He was spirited out of Chicago in the dead of night and taken to Kansas City, where he was placed under the care of Joplin officials, who took him back to his old home. There, again under the care of motherly Mrs. Taylor, he soon forgot the woman who had brought him to the verge of disgrace and ruin, and he willingly consented to sue for divorce. Legal entanglements ensued, and Zoe is said to have emerged with more than \$400,000 for rejoining the Missouri banker from their marriage.

Within a few days she married A. W. Markshoff, who had been her chauffeur. Backed by her money, he went into the automobile business in Colorado. Two years later, after he had lost his business, she divorced him. That episode completes, so far as the authorities have been able to discover, the marital adventures in which she participated.

She dropped out of sight for a time, only to bob up again in Kansas City when she opened up the house where she was found slain. Recently she has been using only her maiden name, preferring to discard all of the names she acquired in her many marriages.

Mrs. G. J. Palmer, who owns the "House of Mystery," as the neighbors called it, and who was, perhaps, Zoe's closest woman friend, became alarmed when she could not gain admittance. Newspapers on the porch lay undisturbed for several days. The mail box was filled with mail. A mail boy was summoned and boosted over the transom. He discovered the body, prostrate on the floor, in what had served as the "doctor's" consultation chamber.

And so she is dead. She has met her last adventure. She was just thirty-seven when the murderer's knife ended her career.

It was a strange career. Slayings, suicides, business failures, lunacy trials and divorce proceedings were sprinkled freely through the life of beautiful Zoe Wilkins from the time when she was a schoolgirl. But who killed her, and why?

TIME—THE OLD UNDERTAKER



"What is death?
The safest trench in the world to keep man
free from Fortune's gunshot,"—Webster.

THOSE lines by one of the best and too little known of the Elizabethan poets, express the right attitude toward death. It is, as Webster says, "the best trench in the world in which to hide from Fortune's gunshot," that is to say, from the world's troubles and from all other misfortunes.

Human beings take death too seriously and worry about it unnecessarily. They think of death and fear it, as children think of sleep and fear it to go to bed. The long night seems to them like the end of time and life. They beg to "stay up just a few minutes more."

Older and wiser people say, "Go to bed like good children. Get a good sleep. You will feel better in the morning." Good advice. But the children do not like it, do not heed it. They want to "stay up."

With us, death that is made so solemn by our deep black, our sombre hearse, our graveyards set apart, is nothing but going to sleep and "getting a good rest." Why worry about that which must happen to EVERYBODY?

A little while ago we were not here. A little while hence we shall not BE here. Why worry, because presently we shall be as we were a short time back?

One poet asks:

Is death a door that leads to light?

Another answers him:

What is death? Oh! what is death?

'Tis slumber to the weary—

'Tis rest to the forlorn—

'Tis shelter to the dreary—

'Tis peace amid the storm—

'Tis the entrance to our home—

'Tis the passage to that God

Who bids his children come.

When their weary course is trod.

Such is death! Yes such is death.

Men have made death horrible by their own cruelty, brutality, and especially their vile superstitions. They have imagined monstrous creatures waiting at the deathbed to grab the fleeing soul and take it to be burned forever, as though a Divine Being, all-knowing, all-powerful, would punish with eternal torture the deeds, however evil, of a feeble creature. CREATED BY THAT DIVINE BEING.

The Japanese have imagined a dreary, horrible expanse in which the soul after death must wander for ages and ages. People in the North have imagined an eternal punishment of ice—for ice is what they feared. Oriental people have hated their place of torment with red hot fire, heat being what they dreaded.

Instead of worrying and fretting about OUR OWN death, we might better sigh for those that die around us, the children that die from lack of care, tens of thousands of mothers that die every year of childbirth, because ignorance surrounds them and heartlessness lets them go.

Time Buries Us All—the Pauper in His Pine Box, the Soldier in His Uniform, the Man Rich and Powerful in His Heavy Metal Casket, as Shown in This Picture.

"There He Goes," the Mourners Say. The Grave Closes, and He Is GONE.

Fortunately Only That Which Amounts to LITTLE Is Gone. All That a Man Was, if He Amounted to Anything, REMAINS—Good Work, Good Example, New Ideas, Knowledge That He Has Given to the World, Courage and the Kindness That He Has Shown in His Treatment of Others.

Time, the Old Undertaker, Is Nothing but a Book-keeper, Not a Thing to Be Afraid Of.

If we must worry we should think not of our own pitiful unimportant lives, but of the sorrow that comes when our friends go and leave us to miss them. The Irish poet, Tom Moore, has beautifully expressed it:

When I remember all

'Tis friends so link'd together,

I've seen around me fall;

Like leaves in wintry weather;

I feel like one who trends alone

Some banquet hall deserted,

Whose lights are dim, whose garlands dead,

And all but he departed.

Death and old Father Time, undertaker of the world, should really have our friendly thanks, since we profess to believe in DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTIONS.

The ONE democrat, who recognizes not wealth, or poverty, or rank, or misery, but sees and treats all alike with absolute democracy, is DEATH and time is his servant.

The beckoning finger appears at the palace window, where the king or the rich man lies, surrounded by those that mourn outwardly and inwardly count the value of the inheritance.

The same finger beckons the dying leper, shunned and abhorred by all that ever knew him. And both alike GO.

And that is REAL DEMOCRACY, for the leper leaves his sores behind him, the rich man leaves his gold, the king leaves his crown. When they three leave this earth they go as NAKED SOULS and equals, perhaps for the first time since birth put them on this planet.

This cartoon shows a mighty man on his last journey. The body in which he lived is taking the journey, the spirit that lived inside of it has gone ahead farther and in another direction.

It is the funeral of what this world calls "greatness." When wealth, rank or both go into the ground the show of respect is kept up to the last, fear even remains while the body in which there once dwelt so much power is above the ground. But once the dirt falls on the coffin or the door of the vault is closed, THAT'S ALL. No more fear, no more power. So far as this earth goes the child born dead

on that same day is just as important as the greatest corpse that ever found a resting place within the grandest mausoleum.

What feeble minds we have, unable to realize that death is the REAL thing and life an unreal fleeting moment.

If you were told "THIS lasts endless billions of years—all through eternity; THAT thing lasts a brief space, seventy years, perhaps"—which would you call the more important? It is the time after death that is important, not the few moments well used, badly used, or neglected, between our arrival in the cradle and the screwing down of the coffin lid.

What is life? Omar Khayyam, the East-ern poet, described it thus:

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
OF BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And, Lo! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from. Oh, make haste!

Make haste, indeed, for your life here is only "A Moment's Halt." If you have anything to do, if you want to be included when you go among those that at least did their best and tried to do something worth while, MAKE HASTE.

The first part of our lives we spend learning to KNOW the world. The last part of our lives we spend learning to LEAVE the world. We ought not to neglect the few active years between. "Oh, make haste!"

Once the hour has come, and old Time, the undertaker, appears knocking, it is too late for any more plans. Hear Omar again:

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

The man or woman free from the savage's nervous, childish fear of the unknown, can see in death nothing fearful, provided it does not come suddenly and prematurely, compelling him that goes to leave others in want and anxiety.

Death is peace, EVERY DEBT AND WORRY SETTLED.

Death is REST. It is a long rest, and few now believe that there are demons waiting to test us with red hot irons.

The Creator of this Universe is not a demon and it seems blasphemy to suggest that Omnipotent Justice would inflict eternal torment upon its own creatures.

What happens when death comes we do not KNOW except as we may be told and reassured by the faith within us. Each clings to his own belief if he has a definite belief, studies with interest the beliefs of others, and speculates upon the many possibilities.

The real savage things he goes to heaven to hunt bisons and has his dog with him.

Mohammed, who allowed a certain number of wives, invented a heaven where the total Moslems could have all the wine they wanted to drink without becoming drunk. And there they were constantly attended by beautiful young females—never seen outside of Paradise; their bodies made of solid musk. And what was especially attractive to the Mohammedan in heaven, the earthly wife was not admitted.

Oriental living at the court of an Oriental despot imagined their heaven something like that despot's court: gold and precious stones abounding, the despot in the centre and all around slaves praising and bowing down to him.

Tired, weary people of India, many of their leaders worn out by the excesses of youth, hoped and strove to attain their "Nirvana," a state in which effort and struggle would cease and find NOTHINGLESS would be attained.

Just what it is to be after death, apart from what faith tells us, we do not know. But men should not fear only what they DO KNOW. They should not be like children, afraid to go upstairs in the dark, afraid of things that they only IMAGINE.

In all that we really KNOW there is nothing about death to frighten us. We know that our bodies go back to the earth. We know that birth and death come alike to all. We know that the universe, in which our earth is a grain of sand, is managed with marvelous WISDOM and JUSTICE. We know that we have no reason to fear injustice, or terror, or torture.

Life gives us a chance to work, and we should use the chance. Death gives us a chance to rest. We should welcome the rest.

Perhaps after that rest we may come back to work again.

In any case, we have nothing to fear. Cut out and keep this epiphany that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote for his own tombstone out in the Pacific Ocean:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig a grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live, and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.
 This be the verse you grave for me:
 "Here he lies, where he longed to be,
 "Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
 And the hunter home from the hill."

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Haunted by the Ghost of Ivan the Terrible

Soviet Soldiers of Russia Fear Spirit of Most Brutal of

**All the Czars Has Come Back to Haunt the People and
Stir Up Another Monarchist Plot—Wraith
That Slays With a Dagger Spreads Terror**

CAN it be possible that a four-hundred-year-old ghost is more efficient in moving the hearts and minds of millions of human beings than all the philosophers, statesmen, economists, warriors and bankers of all the great powers of the world? Is "Holy Russia," the "land of mystery," about to succumb to a ghost, with an iron-pointed spear, after holding out against the world for its fantastic system of government for more than six years?

In substance, these are the questions being asked by those who keep in touch with Russian affairs and who know that this land of teeming millions has been shaken to its very foundations by an apparition. If they seem absurd it is only to those who do not know the part that superstitious fears play in the hearts of many Russians. It seems unreasonable to suppose that modern men and women can be influenced by a figment of the imagination, but a little study of Russian history will show that almost anything is possible with the Muscovite when he is deeply moved.

Tonight the ghost of Ivan the Terrible will walk in the corridors of the most carefully guarded building in Moscow—the famous Kremlin, seat of many governments. The wraith may not be seen, but hundreds of soldiers on guard will be convinced that he is there. Already he has been seen by many. To date he has killed at least one soldier with that blood-stained iron-pointed staff. Another, about to die at the hands of the ghost, survived by what he and his fellows believe was a miracle.

The "hard-boiled materialists" directing the Soviet Government of Russia know very well, of course, that this apparition is not a ghost. They are quite satisfied that it is only a counter-revolutionary masquerade as Ivan the Terrible. But the problem before them is to convince the soldiers and the people that the dread killer who saved Russia once before has not returned to "re-ruin" the country again by drenching it in blood.

Once let the idea become general that Ivan's spirit demands a return to Czarism, and the leaders of the Soviets know that all their painstaking system of self-protection may be swept away overnight by an uprising of restless millions.

In order to understand just what influence this strange wraith can exert on the minds of the people it is necessary only to recount a little of his history. Ivan the Terrible was the fourth Czar of that name. He was the son of Vasil and was born in 1530. His father died when he was three years old, leaving his mother, Helen Glinski, as regent. Woman—even of royal birth—was then not much more than a chattel in Russia, so the Boyars, or nobles, took command. They ran Russia with a high hand for ten years.

Ivan, however, was a thoughtful boy. He noticed that when visiting dignitaries were brought to the palace he was treated with the utmost respect by the Boyars. They bowed obsequiously before him until the visitors were gone, and then kicked and cuffed him at will. He noticed also that they needed his signature on all state documents of any importance, and when he was but thirteen he decided that he was the real source of power. Accordingly he determined on a bold stroke.

First making sure of the loyalty of his guards, he summoned the Boyars to a royal conference. Then this iron-willed lad of thirteen arose and in a short speech recounted some of the crimes of the Boyars, running all the way from theft to murder.

HE said he knew that all were guilty, but that he intended to give most of them another chance. Suddenly he pointed his finger at Shuiski, chief of the Boyars and generally considered to be the most powerful man in Russia.

"Seize him," he shouted. Instantly a dozen guards caught and disarmed the man. Then the thirteen-year-old ruler announced that he intended to make an example of Shuiski. He ordered the other nobles to stand back against the walls. The guards were told to place Shuiski in the center of the great throne room. There was a lifted his hand and a door opened. The silence was broken by a savage growling that became louder each second until a pack of iron, half-starved hounds burst into the room, followed by their keepers with whips.

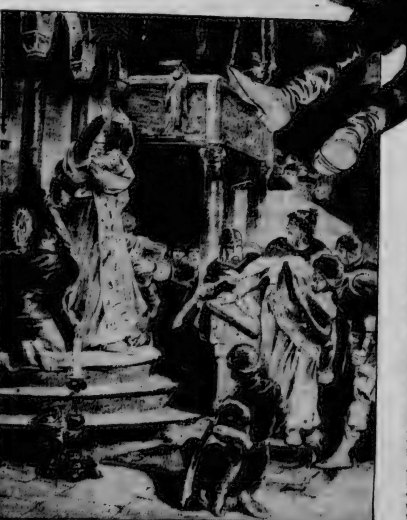
"Take him," said the guards. In a few minutes it was all over. While Ivan sat in majesty on his throne and the nobles cowered against



Ivan IV, known as Ivan the Terrible because of his cruelty, reigned fifty-one years, from 1533 to 1584

the cold stone walls, Ivan, the boy ruler to be, had become Czar of all the Russia. The story spread by word of mouth over all his far domain. But they did not call him Ivan Fourth. They called him Ivan the Terrible. For fifty years thereafter this harshest of all rulers ran his kingdom literally with an iron hand. According to contemporary historians, he was never seen without his iron-pointed spear, and he used it whenever he saw fit on anybody in reach. The fury of his temper increased with his years, so that at the age of fifty-one he struck and killed his oldest son. But all his personal murders were as nothing compared to the work his soldiers carried out under his orders.

AT least three cities were devastated. At his word—Novgorod, Tver and Moscow. Historians refer to his "seven periods of massacre." At one time he directed the killing of 1500 persons in Novgorod. In his diary he wrote, "Remember, Lord, the souls of thy servants; to the number of 1500 persons, Novgorodians." Again he wrote to the Monastery of St. Cyril to ask for prayers for the souls of his victims. Oppression was so widespread, however, that results occurred again and again.



The only thing Ivan the Terrible held sacred was his own inflexible will. On one occasion he was opposed by a cleric, the Metropolitan Philip, whom he caused to be strangled



Now the ghost of Ivan the Terrible is supposed to have come back! Not long ago, in a corridor of the Kremlin, they found the body of a sentinel with a dagger in his breast. Another sentinel who was found unconscious in the same corridor told how he had come upon the vision of an old man whose face was covered with blood. In his hand the ghost carried a spear with an iron point, and the sentinel said he had recognized instantly Ivan the Terrible!

And at last Ivan the Terrible sent an army to Novgorod, a walled city. The soldiers blocked up every exit, put men on guard and sent swordsmen to a slaughter without equal in history. For five weeks, according to William Dudley Foulke, historian, the work of death continued and 60,000 men, women and children, at that time representing virtually the whole population of the city, were killed.

Early in his reign Ivan had as a counselor a priest named Silvester. Some idea of the conditions then existing may be gleaned from the fact that Silvester advised husbands not to use sticks that were too thick, or that were tipped with iron, to beat their wives, not to beat them publicly, but to "correct her moderately and in private." Every Russian wife expected to be beaten with sticks by her husband.

IN spite of his atrocities, however, Ivan was one of the makers of Russia. It was under his rulership that the last of the Tartar power was broken. He extended the already wide dominions of the country. And, therefore, in the mind of the average Russian, he has become a symbol of fear and admiration rather than of hate. In the far reaches of the Siberian plains the peasants tell their

children ghostly stories of how Ivan had liquid metal poured down the throats of counterfeiterers, how he burned sorcerers in an iron cage and buried alive wives who had murdered their husbands. The story of his military prowess has grown with the ages, until his memory stands out in the Russian mind as of a figure irresistible.

Unquestionably it was some one who knew his Russia who conceived the idea of masquerading as the ghost of Ivan the Terrible to strike fear into the hearts of the soldiers. The story would naturally be suppressed by all the censorious powers of the Soviets. The mere fact that some of it has come out, to boot, until his memory stands out in the Russian mind as of a figure irresistible.

"Strange things happen these days in our Kremlin. As is well known, the seat of the government is carefully controlled by day and night. Patrols and sentries both at courts and the rear of the citadel. It seems impossible for any one to penetrate into the Kremlin and walk freely about within its walls. "It is still remembered that several months ago soldiers found the blood-covered corpse of one of their comrades



In the far reaches of the Siberian plains the peasants tell their children ghostly stories of how Ivan the Terrible had liquid metal poured down the throats of counterfeiterers, how he burned sorcerers in an iron cage and buried alive wives who had murdered their husbands!

a lonely corridor of a Kremlin building with a dagger stuck in his breast. Nobody was able to solve the mystery or trace the assassin. Excitement was great but a new event has further increased it.

"Shouts for help were heard some nights ago from the corridor where the sentinel had been killed. When some of the guards ran to the place they found another sentinel lying on the floor unconscious. After recovering his consciousness he told the following dreadful story:

"With the last stroke of midnight a man appeared suddenly at the end of the corridor. He was old and his face was covered with blood. In his hand he carried a spear with an iron point. The soldier recognized the man as an initiator of Ivan the Terrible, Russia's most dreadful Czar. The man came slowly toward him, without any noise, and said, "'You make Russia perish; therefore you, too, must perish.'"

"He seemed to intend to kill the soldier, who shouted for help and faintly. Search for the man availed nothing. No trace of the ghost was found.

"Authorities believe that the 'ghost' is a counter-revolutionary hid under the mask of Ivan the Terrible in order to spread fear among the soldiers of the Kremlin. Patrols in the citadel have been increased and sentinels have been ordered to shoot the man as soon as he appears again. Naturally this event is causing fright among the soldiers, for they are unable to discover how the man got into the citadel."

If some soldier loyal to the Soviets and not troubled with a superstitious imagination shoots the "ghost" and finds that it is a real flesh and blood man—probably one of his own number—masquerading as the wraith of the Terrible Czar, perhaps the scare will be ended and another monarchist movement will go up in smoke. There will be a few more early morning firing squads, a few more lives will be snuffed out, and the Soviets will go on as before.

But, authorities are asking, what if the soldiers are afraid to shoot? What if the masquerader is some educated, cynical officer deliberately playing on the fear of his men and blinding his time until the moment arrives for an uprising? What if, during the daylight hours, the man and his co-conspirators are filling the troubled minds of the guards with fearsome tales of Ivan's supernatural powers? What soldier can be expected to shoot if he has been made to believe that he will be struck dead the moment he puts his finger to the trigger?

Remember that a thirteen-year-old boy overthrew an oligarchy of powerful Boyars, each with his own following of bloodthirsty soldiers. It would not surprise many students of history to find the streets of Russian cities filled with cavalry wearing at the cantles of their saddles the dog's head and broom insignia of Ivan's own terrible guard.

NOT even Peter the Great, who made modern Russia a Czarist nation, who welded the barbarous tribes into a federation and established an empire, have the hold on the imagination of the Russian peasant that has Ivan the Terrible. His stark cruelty and the suddenness of his outbursts of temper have made him a living potentiality in the lives of the people, who carefully preserve his traditions.

Makes fact that a large portion of the Russian peasantry are unable to read the possible the fostering of superstitious legend to an extent hard to realize. The bold which has been obtained even in court circles is an evidence of the lengths to which credulity may lead the Russian.

The yoke of the Soviet Government, no matter how pleasant the theory of equality may be, is to countless and uprisings have been put down in a way that must have pleased the shade of Ivan the Terrible. It does little about in Russia awaiting a favorable opportunity of reasserting the power the Czar so loved to wield while in the flesh.

U-Boat Destroyers to War

First Official Act of New Secretary of Navy, Curtis D. Wilbur, Enlists "Dry Navy" From Famous "Gold Star" Fighters Rusting Since War



The new Secretary of the Navy, Curtis D. Wilbur, almost immediately after assuming office started after the rum-runners. In the picture Secretary Wilbur is shown with President Coolidge.

DOUGHTY American destroyers with all the battling traditions of the United States Navy are about to be put into service by Uncle Sam in a gigantic effort to conquer the modern armada of John Dillinger.

The rum ships, which cruise back and forth in the night with their "sea rails awash," as they carry into America millions of dollars' worth of contraband liquor, are to be turned back if possible. Each is laden with a cargo bought from the flags of all nations' alcohol fleet anchored for miles along the Atlantic coast.

At the behest of the new Secretary of the Navy, Curtis D. Wilbur, these destroyers have been called forth into use. They are the same which secured the high seas during the World War and sent many a German submarine to the bottom. With stars painted high on their gray stacks they steamed into port, valiantly displaying this trophy Uncle Sam awarded for each U-boat that was destroyed. But now for the last five years, because newer models had displaced them, these ships have been stacked stem to stern in United States navy yards, rotting and rusting in idleness and oblivion.

They were looted up while prohibition officials were asking for \$3,000,000 for more boats to stop smuggling. One of the first official acts of the new head of the navy was to answer the cry of the country that this bottled-up navy may be utilized and to sign his pen to a document that sanctioned outfitting twenty of these scrappy little greyhounds of the waves to train their guns in this new sort of sea warfare. They will be added to the other lighter Government craft already patrolling the coast.

FROM the beginning the importation of liquor from foreign countries into our ports has constituted one of the greatest problems of prohibition. But of late to such daring have traders from other lands gone that prohibition forces have frankly owned up the situation has not beyond control. Never in the history of prohibition has such a fleet of liquor-selling ships gathered at our gates.

From France, from China, the Caribbean, from Canada, England, Scotland and Scandinavia vast vessels swell

boats that have been rusting their lives away in the Philadelphia Navy Yard are to be put to work chasing the smugglers who bring the contraband liquor into American ports.

ing liquors of every description are now off shore.

The present greatest offensive ever undertaken by foreign liquor traders has convinced the Government officials as nothing else could that if the operations of bootleg kings in virtually every small and large city of the country are to be put to an end, the Nation must strike first, once and for all at the source of supply. And the source of supply is nowhere if not at the very water gates of our country, where buying and selling of liquor of every sort goes on safely out at sea beyond the twelve-mile limit and the pale of the law. It has been estimated the combined cargoes of the ships anchored outside New York alone at this present writing totals 250,000 cases with a value of \$15,000,000. Twenty-four ships make up this particular grand fleet anchored on what is known as Rum Row, just outside New York Harbor. It is estimated the fleet manages to land 100,000 cases a month.

It is to these ships from foreign lands the American bootlegger in his rum-running craft makes his way in the dead of night and comes back with the smuggled liquor, which he disposes of for thousands of dollars on shore, and the importation of which is making the prohibition amendment well-nigh void in America.

These vessels, flying foreign flags, are not, however, within the law, for they do not invade American territory. It is only through the smaller craft of every description which brings the liquor to shore that Government officials can strike.

Out twenty-five miles from shore the whole affair takes on the air of a thriving industry. The liquor armada re-

floating cafes out at sea, where fancy drinks are served and "visitors" dance to jazz melodies relayed from land by radio, are to be attacked by U. S. destroyers under the plan lately promulgated by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, after conferences with President Coolidge, as part of a plan to stop the flood of rum imports.



harbor no longer. Boats ring with the cherry bang of the hammer. Their bows are turned to sea.

The prospective rum hunters are about 200 feet long, have four stacks and are painted gray. They are 5,000-ton ships capable of from thirty-two to thirty-three knots an hour. They are equipped with six torpedoes (three and six-inch guns). The torpedo tubes are being removed and smaller guns substituted. All inside parts of the ships have been taken down. They will be re-armed and fitted with modern machinery, and particularly the main turbine engines, required.

THOUGH who question the knowledge of these famous destroyers as a team chasing fleet the no false illusions about the task ahead. The audacity, the skill and the courage of the smugglers are in reality to an almost unbelievable degree. Because the thirty-four larger ships now anchored in the vicinity of New York, it has been estimated the highest of these particular smugglers consist of 150 sailing vessels, and about this there are several hundred gasoline-driven craft held for the purpose of making shore contact.

The smugglers also maintain a bribery fund to attempt to corrupt officials and they have a shore organization for obtaining supplies and making contacts. They have founded advance stations at St. John's, Newfoundland; St. Pierre, Miquelon; the Azores, Bermuda and the Bahamas.

Along the Atlantic coast the smuggling is at its height over a range of sea stretching from the tip of Long Island to Atlantic City. Twenty-five miles outside of Atlantic City it has been reported there are at this writing three French steamships selling only the finest of champagne, cordons and wine. These figures are quoted as \$50 a case. How are maintained well-attended bars where customers who make a fifty-mile sea trip may sample "champ" before purchase. Fifteen miles out from this resort there were lately reported fourteen luggers stretched along the sky line. These hailed from Bermuda and dealt in nothing but Scotch liquor. The cathechism-rigger problem is a complicated one for Atlantic City coast guard of field. There are five lieutenants between Barnegat and the shore city. It is there which liquor pirates can slip in the dead of night and hope to escape detection.

NEARLY 8,000,000 cases of liquor have been smuggled into the United States the last two years, the local division of the customs recently made known. The value of these cases would amount to \$24,000,000 and the hypothesis that the Government, instead of having this liquor brought secretly into the country amounts to \$14,000,000.

If the plan to use destroyers in making unrelenting warfare on the armada besieging the coast proves successful it is being predicted the Government will call out the rest of her little gray ships, her fleet of approximately 121 destroyers now lying idle. Portions of the navy lying bottled up in the San Francisco Navy Yard will be unleashed as well as the country virtually girdles itself with an impenetrable guard.

A sight calculated to fill the rum-runner's heart with fear is one of Uncle Sam's navy boats on business bent.

It seems there has been no way for the United States to solve it. But the rum aristocracy off the coast may be fooled. For now Uncle Sam in his newest proxy, Secretary Wilbur, has called out his valiant destroyers. They will be armed with guns, the little low-lookout and the men who have made sea history every time Uncle Sam ever called them into action.

The destroyers that will be used are what are known as second liners. They were first-line craft during the early period of the war until improved types were adopted, and it was then they were relegated to second-line status. It was the crying out of prohibition officials for an appropriation for \$3,000,000 to thwart the rum-running ships that made the Nation turn to the thought of history-mustered previous destroyers that are now specially being made over into rum chasers are the Henley, Sampson, Paulding, Beale, Varrington, Fanning, Jervis, Flipp, Bow, Cushing, McCall and Drayton.

The destroyer Fanning was the first vessel of the allied navy to be credited with the capture of a German submarine. The incident that sent her down into American history took place just outside of Queenstown in November, 1917. After a sensational chase a depth bomb shattered the German undersea craft that in a few moments the crew of the Fanning was picking up the first German sea captive of the war, even as the sub went rapidly down to the locker of Davy Jones. The destroyer Beale came back to port in 1919 with a record of two submarines in her sea-scarred decks. In her fifteen months' continuous patrol and convoy sea duty in the Atlantic and the Irish sea she had also participated in the rescue of hundreds of survivors from torpedoed ships.

Of such stirring deeds as these is the stuff of the fleet that has been rusting at anchor in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. But now silence fills the

During the World War the U-boat destroyers were "decorated" for valiant service. The one in the picture wears a star on her funnel, indicating that she sent one submarine to the bottom.



Suallowing a Job in Lumber Camp as an Emergency Ration Not Half Bad Say the British Harvesters Stranded Here

Labors of a Northern Ontario
Lumberjack and Social
Duties at Nain Centre as
Seen By Tom Green, Old
Countryman, Who Spent
Winter in the Bush.

By A BRITISH HARVESTER

WHILE I had drifted into Montreal by devious routes from the western harvest fields, I had "drifted" in the word, for we found in Canada there were many modes of locomotion besides a first-class Pullman. During our stay in Alberta, then governed by what we understood to be prohibition legislation, we had found difficulty in procuring our "wonderfully acquired British lasses for beer, for the price demanded were hardly commensurate with our views of exchange. We met first in St. Antoine street, where we stood contemplative of the huge electric railway signs, confident in the belief that our advent had caused the breweries to work in shifts.

There were four of us. "Jack" our highlander, who hailed from an ear north of the Tweed that his conversation was almost unintelligible; "The Professor" from the broadened volleys of Lancashire; "Windy Dick" our irrepressible Cockney whose chief concern was whether Tolstoy would win the Russian cup; and the writer, from the English Midlands.

It was sleeting in Montreal. When it rains there it rains persistently, and earnestly. When it snows it snows persistently. That day it was sleeting and our thoughts quickly turned to chances of reemployment. Many of our companions had returned home but we had come to stay and experience our baptism of a Canadian winter.

Prospects of employment in the city at this season appeared more rosy so the many alluring pleasures offered employment in "the Bush" received our earnest attention.

The lumber companies desired men, required men, were in fact clamoring for them, to such an extent that they were willing to advance fare and all requirements of transportation. After a few minutes conversation with an agent, we found ourselves in possession of contracts to work for a company several hundred miles distant.

Our agreements showed that we were engaged as general laborers at from \$40 to \$45 per month and board, with an understanding that we should be paid at the higher rate and have our advance fare made not chargeable if we stayed "the Bush." I may say that this contract was fully in line with all our views.

"Timber Beast" Works Hard
We had little time for preparation for our journey, and that evening found ourselves hustled into a lumber train for a point, of the geographical location of which, we had but a vague idea. That evening we were introduced vaguely and respectfully to many who were to be our comrades during "the Bush."

The "Timber Beast" works hard and plays hard and many had come aboard bearded with the oil of conversation which soon showed its vent in song and dance of every description. Here we were initiated into the woodsmen and mystics of the sex dance which afterwards laid away many a lone winter evening. At noon the following day we reached Nain our railway destination.

We were escorted by an agent from head-quarters to a frame structure in the "city" which by extreme courtesy had been described as a house where we were to be the night preparatory to waiting to camp.

Early next morning, after our breakfast had been digested and digested, we commenced our walk to camp. It was not far, it was also around thirty. However, we set off fortified by those sandwiches which would have made a respectable lunch elsewhere.

We rested occasionally, as the trail was very rough, but made good progress and reached camp during the afternoon. Here we were taken to hand by the close by and allotted to our respective bunk, which were quite comfortable and up to expectations.

Soon after the workers came trooping in from their respective jobs and supper bell rang. Our cook showed proved to be a large, husky structure capable of feeding 150 men at huge tables. There was food in abundance, as the quantities of every variety being dished up.

Certain rules were strictly called for under our company's surveillance, and we beside the man who spoke at table. For early next morning he would be performing the same job upon the road to town. Before she laid it off he told her she was overdone, as older hands soon taught us a wonderful lesson from the shoulders and feet.

After breakfast, soon after a varied performance of sword swallowing.

Meat there was abundance, as stock was kept at camp, and pigs, etc., were fed from the discarded dishes. In this connection there was a note to be made that the men were frugal and tremendous quantities of food reached the supper table.

Supper done, we were introduced by "Old Bill," our genial cheerer up or bullwink, to many others, who, returning from the west, had preceded us in camp.

All seemed quite contented and assured as to our future in the bush. "Old Bill" was quite a character, a typical cockney, who was always boasting that he was not eating a London ton. Yet nothing would induce him to leave the bush. He was a man to whom we owed much of our comfort.

Sometimes on weary bladders one would sit upon one's conditions in the bush. Who carries water, cleans the floor? No more than a wash upon the floor. Who says his life's work is done? Old Bill.



Who amper the barn how 'finest ever'?

Who mends his socks with cocker's wax?
Who puts tobacco in his back?
Old Bill.

Old Bill's One Oath
OBTAINING in the earliest morning, when the thermometer was at a disgraceful level and the bush was cracking in the millstone, some awakened lumberjack would sing out: "Bill! Bill!"

For the love of half-baked Mike put a blanket around that staid old fellow's frostbitten face. He would not say a word—just sit there, but as he never used another word without this as a prelude, he was a creditable member of those lumberjacks whose language is an achievement.

Soon after breakfast on the morning after our arrival, we were hustled away by the foreman with instructions to sharpen them. This we did, but fortunately he did not see the result of our efforts, or I believe we should have lit the torch right there.

The foreman was a man of few words, who had served his life in the bush, handling the skilled and unskilled, and was very fair. In hunting up the buck, however, or under foreman, he remarked: "Say, if you fellows don't make no difference whether it snows or nothing 'ers. We ought to see a 'ole day's holiday Saturday. My team's playing chicken at 'em today."

It was rather apparent, although we had already discovered which was the business end of our forest razor. Our work consisted of cutting off the branches of trees which had been previously felled, and making trails in order that they could be taken by teams to the skidways or piles, where upon arrival of snow they would be placed upon sleds and hauled to the dump.

We usually worked from 7 a.m. until 4 p.m., with ample time for dinner, served in an additional shack upon the cafeteria system, and here again we had plenty.

After supper at five o'clock we indulged in various recreations, card playing, etc., until 9 p.m., when lights out was the fore boss's order. On Saturdays we were allowed to remain up later, and then resided in the grand old village dance. "Come, Yets." "Where's your fiddle?"

"Look at that woman over there, third row from the front, behind the fat man who is blowing his nose. Now doesn't her hair look smart? It is bobbed quite tight, and I know also older than I am. You can tell by her hair!"

The night Thomas Whitford brought his spickee coach to Concession Hall, Belinda waited patiently through breakfasting, respectively of seven guests shot through with golden mermaids who dissolved in turn to rose petals and drifted up to the aureole of the space between the spheres. I say as waited patiently for the ladies to come on again so that she could study two quite new effects on the ground floor.

One as worn by a boyish maiden in a stiff white collar and flowing lace. Her locks were cropped close behind, but found self-expression in a Jennie poun to run, through which the wearer could find her fingers when deeply stirred. She fascinated Belinda to the point of rudeness. The other was an immaculately curled bob of grey hair worn by a lovely lady in a rose pink gown.

Next morning at the breakfast table the family expressed excitedly about the Clavias. What did it mean by speaking of a solo in color, and how were fascinated and redly played without sound.

"It was lovely," explained Belinda. "Just perfectly fascinating. George, do you know I honestly believe I'll get my hair bobbed today, simply overjoyed in doing it. Think how easy it would be to dress in the morning. Just shake your head and that's all there is to it!"

George, who was reading the morning paper to make sure he was right in his enthusiasm for the Clavias, commented slowly:

"Be—um—um. I told you a month ago to cut it and get it off your mind. I can stand it if the children say."

My ten children's heads would be at the telephone, and Jane, drying the dishes, would be at the sink in the following:

"Oh, I will, if you will."

"Well, I know, and then you'd back out when you saw what I looked like!"

"Oh, I'd rather like it, just to hear what our relations would say. John's husband made an awful row. Before she laid it off he told her she would look like—well, you know what men say a thing looks like when they don't like it. Then there was Jack. I'd, everybody told her she looked like Golda Swanson, and he said that it was in fact her own, so she doesn't blame him."

Afternoon, when she was supposed to be dressing, Belinda would sit before the glass, hunching her hair up over her ears and fearfully clutching and releasing a large pair of shears. She lost her appetite for two consecutive meals. She became disoriented in her conversation and looked altogether. At twelve she left after, while her eyes roved from the bobbed to the unbobbed at the different tables.

To be or not to be was an insignificant problem by comparison, for if they decided to be, at least you didn't have to live it out afterwards.

Bill! It don't make no difference whether it snows or nothing 'ers. We ought to see a 'ole day's holiday Saturday. My team's playing chicken at 'em today."

"Alta huh?" "When her up?" "Ladies to right!"

"Twenty-eight miles from a female. Twenty-eight miles from a male."

"Thank heaven we've lots of grub!"

Up at 3:45 A.M.

WINDY DICK, our cockney friend, seemed quite agitated because we did not have a holiday upon Saturday afternoon. The first Saturday we were there it snowed heavily, but on a friendly hand sounded the result.

Suddenly Windy burst out: "Bill! It don't make no difference whether it snows or nothing 'ers. We ought to have a 'ole day's holiday Saturday. My team's playing chicken at 'em today."

Four old ticks cutting a trail could not take his mind from the football field at home. Jack was less verbose. He merely remarked: "Yes, but if I cut it off, I'll be a woman."

After the advent of heavy snow, the logging haul commenced, and we were required to be at our respective stations long, long before dawn, left hand was to the sky.

Prospectus we were about after 7:45 a.m., and this meant much earlier by city time, as no self-respecting city clock would recognize our chronometer. In fact, Bill had hunched with our clock to such an extent that we arrived in town on return about twelve hours earlier than we started.

Sunday was a day devoted to washing, mending, card playing, etc. Perhaps the worst feature of camp life was the fact that we were required to do all our washing in the open in all snow weather.

There was and is no need for such restrictions. When many men of all habits are gathered together in a confined atmosphere with close association facilities for washing should be first consideration, for it is not only pleasant for one who is uninitiated and unaccustomed to keep clean to find his neighbor's clothes at his doing the kitchen table upon his own private column. Bath and wash houses should be provided.

Of nationalities following the bush, the French-Canadian is undoubtedly in the majority, as he is a yearly visitor. Poles also are not infrequently encountered.

Annas, leading her gently back in her chair that he might walk her and soothe her ruffled plumage. "You will, some acquaintance yourself, and it will grow again if you wish."

"Yes, but not when I wish," responded the Hindu, solemnly.

She lingered about the beauty parlor. She had a manure and a facial woman. She telephoned her friends. She seemed almost to have lost her mind. She was not only a beauty parlor, but she was a beauty parlor. She was not only a beauty parlor, but she was a beauty parlor.

On a father was lighting his after dinner cigarette and the infants were licking their dearest parents the curative parent and mother about before them.

The match brand George's nervous fingers. The infants shivered in derision. But George was a noble soul.

"Well, I'm glad you got out of your system at last," he concluded in a hearty voice. "Now you'll be able to enjoy your life."

"Oh, I know you wouldn't like it," he said. "Belinda, I'm glad you're back. I can tell by your voice you don't. Now you'll be able to enjoy your life."

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faithful in the calling, but the Belindas regarded it as a task in the nature of an emergency ration, although beyond an occasional scrub. I heard little about it.

Fair Play For All
In fairness to the camp where we were, I must say that everyone was given a trial, and that no one here little village or in particular was given his time if he made a serious attempt to do his job.

There were sometimes 40 laborers, when we faced a wild swampy bog, the fire barren snow that was all wheel, experienced and inexperienced alike, and what evening came our families were some families, and I venture to say there was less amusements than in the town of Quebec summer to town.

We could not afford to be idle, for our entire means of existence consisted in "Paskiniks." In it, accustomed to a light snowfall at home, the enormous snows of Northern Canada were a revelation, and we asked in haste to find a hole through snow which had been as hard as ice as it was lying. Kipling may have said that the world is full of holes, but in this case it was a hole through snow which had been as hard as ice as it was lying.

Unhappily, when a weak mule would search for a hole through snow which had been as hard as ice as it was lying, the mule would search for a hole through snow which had been as hard as ice as it was lying.

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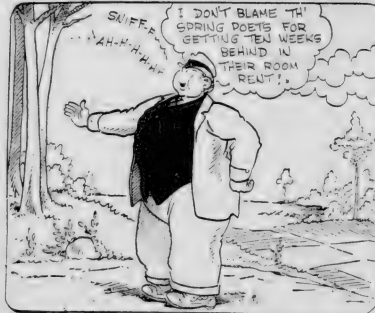
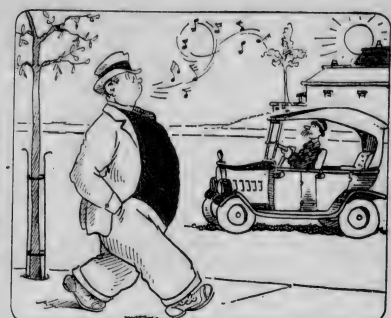
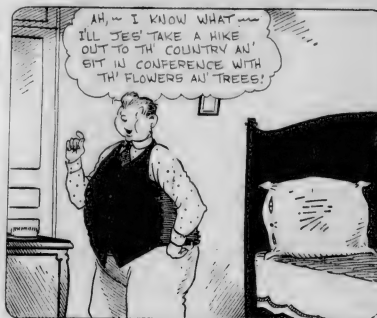
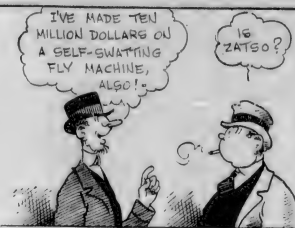
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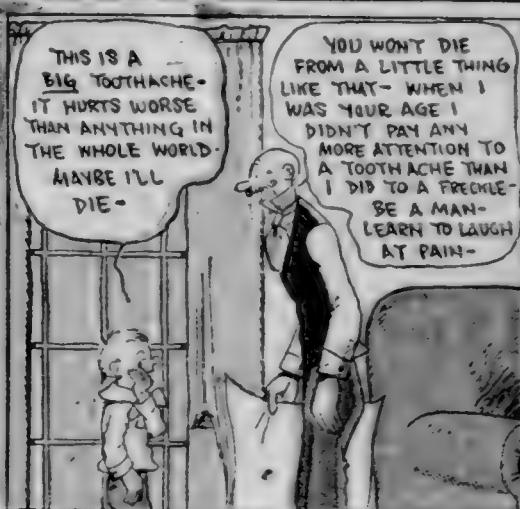
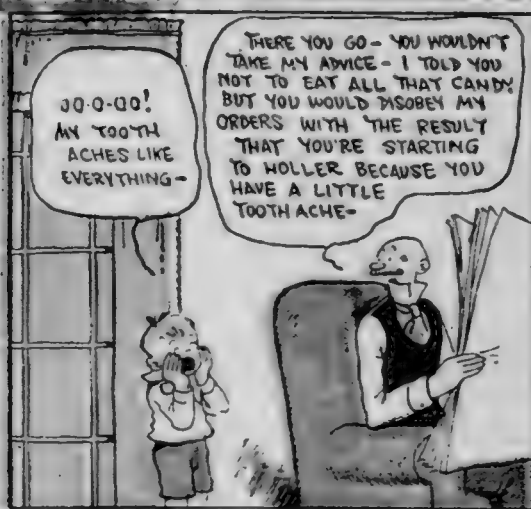
OLD BOARDING HOUSE

BY GENE AHERN.



EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1924.

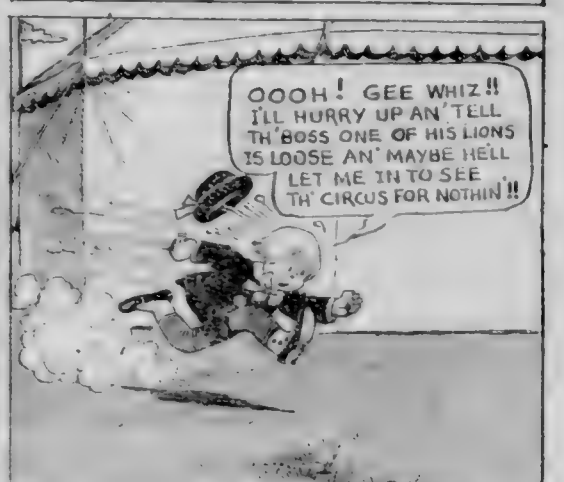
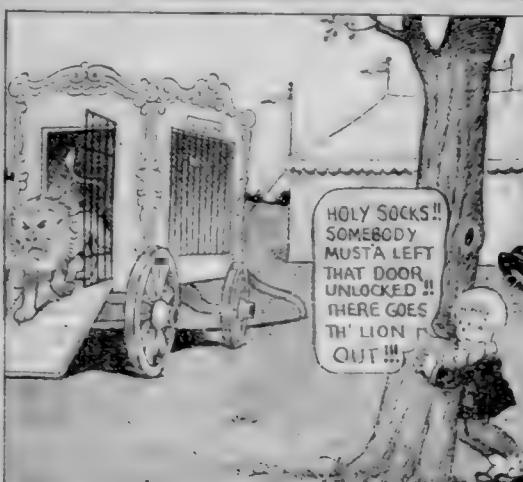
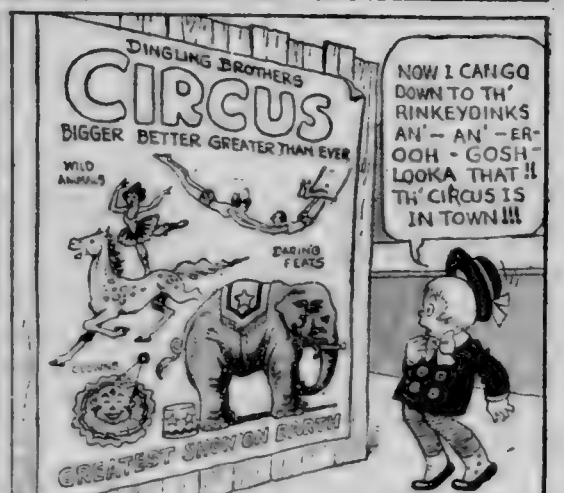
THE GUMPS • SIDNEY SMITH



EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SUNDAY MORNING, 'MAY 4, 1924.'

GASOLINE ALLEY



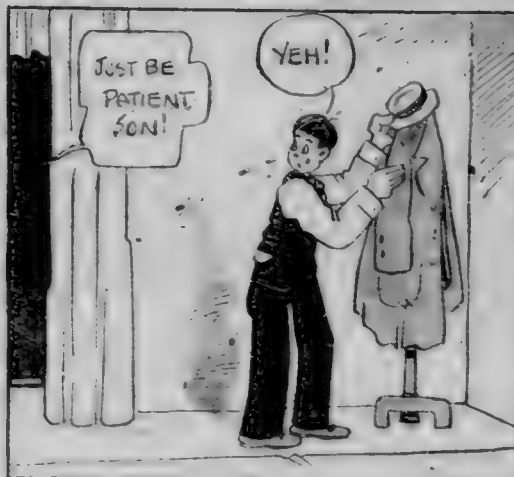
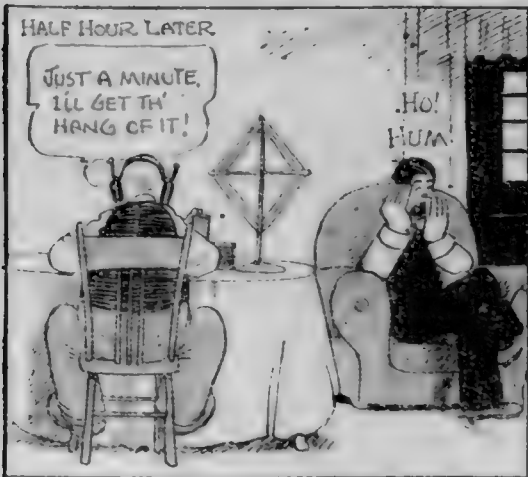




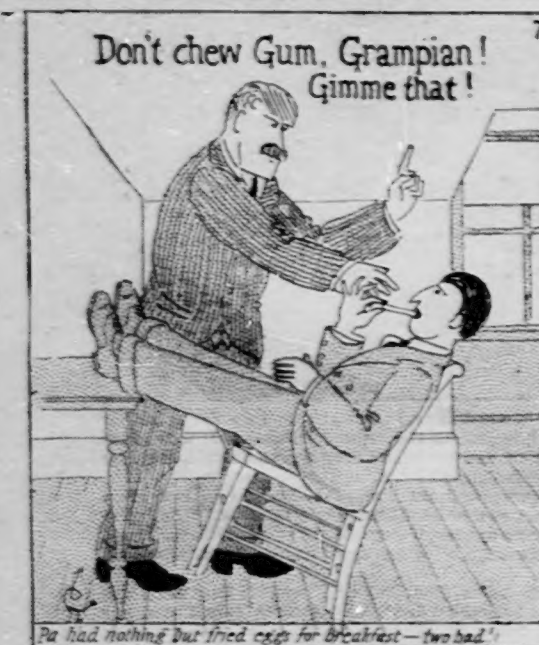
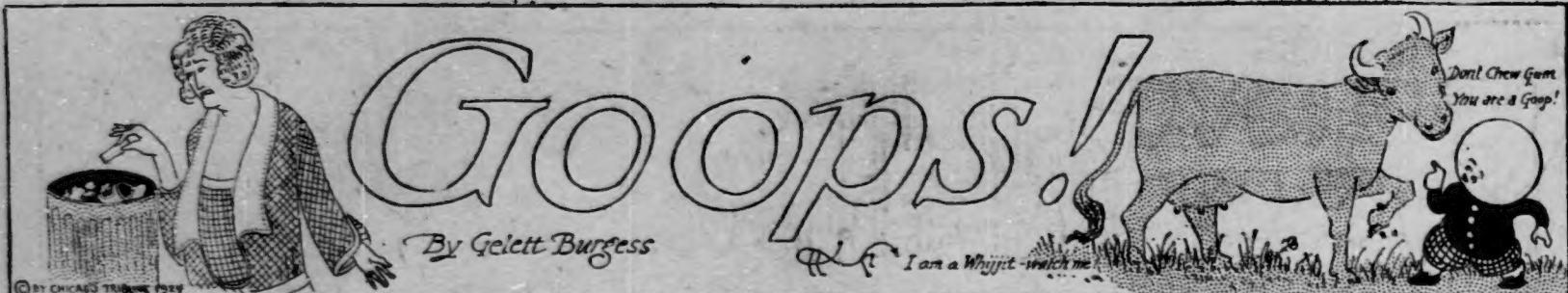
Harold Teen

© 1944 BY THE COLUMBIA TRISTAR

THE RADIO WILL KEEP PA IN NIGHTS, TOO --







MOON MULLINS.

© 1944 CHICAGO TRIBUNE



THE TEENIE WEENIES.

(Wm. DONAHUE)

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST PEOPLE.



It was a dreadful thing to have happen, but when a mixed crowd gets into an argument it's hard to tell just what will be the outcome and this is how it happened.

Several of the Teenie Weenies and a few of their friends were discussing putting in a garden one day when two mice got into a terrible argument as to whether egg plant grew from a seed or whether it was laid like any other egg.

"Of course an egg plant is laid!" said Dinny, one of the mice. "Who ever heard of an egg that grew from seeds?"

"Well, hen's eggs grow from seeds, don't they?" answered the other mouse, whose name was Pete. "Hens have to eat wheat and corn in order to lay eggs, don't they?"

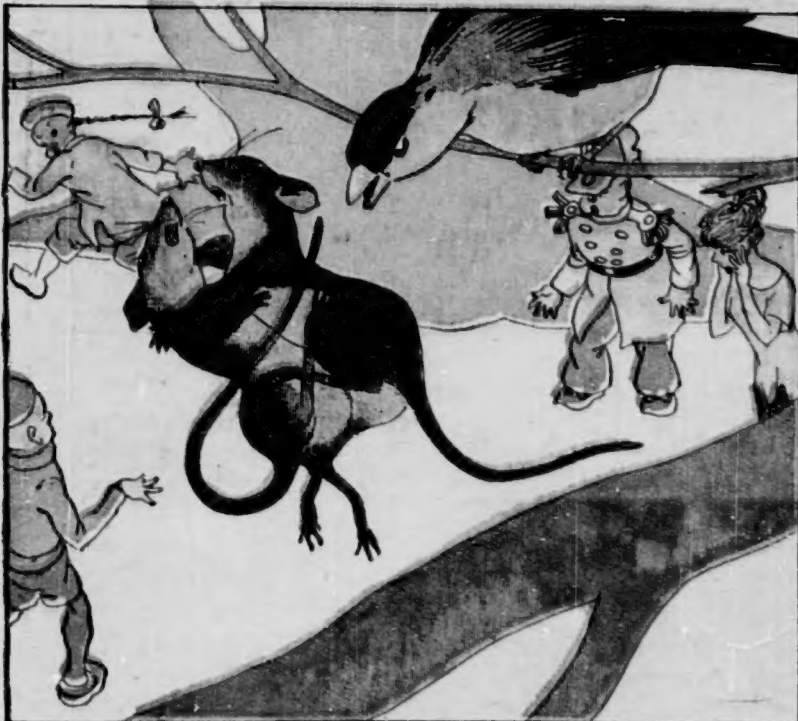
"Well, maybe they do," growled Dinny, "but the eggs are laid just the same. It's against nature for an egg to grow from seeds—I tell you all eggs, includin' egg plants, are laid."

"Well, if egg plants are laid, who lays 'em?" asked Pete with a very superior air.

"Why-why-why, egg plant hens, I suppose," answered Dinny. Several of the Teenie Weenies snickered and Tilly Titter, the English sparrow, strained one of her tail feathers trying to keep from laughing.

"Yes!" said Pete, "I suppose this egg plant hen lays the egg plant all nicely fried in pretty slices with water cress around them."

"Maybe she do," answered Dinny, who wasn't quite bright, although he had many good ideas. "Maybe a chicken hen could lay hard boiled eggs if she drank plenty of boiling water, who knows? I'm not the mouse to doubt anything like that, but I do know that eggs is eggs and eggs are always laid. Don't you see that they couldn't grow on trees? They'd all be broken when they fell off the tree. No, sir—that's why eggs are laid—so they won't break."



Pete did a most ungentlemanly thing. He laughed right in Dinny's face, absolutely, right in his face. No one likes to have another laugh in their face, and especially a mouse—a mouse hates above everything else to have another mouse laugh in his face. It always makes them violently angry and poor Dinny completely lost his head.

He promptly bit Pete in the ear and kicked him on the shin. Pete stamped on Dinny's foot and pulled out a whisker. They then clinched and went to the mat with Dinny on top, both of them squealing at the top of their voices. Over and over they rolled, snapping and biting, trying for toe holds, tail holds, and trap holds.

It was a terrible fight and the Teenie Weenies stood staring at it with wide open mouths.

"Oh, dear, can't some of you men stop those brutes from fighting?" cried the Lady of Fashion, who was greatly alarmed at the fearful sight. "It's terrible. It's terrible!" And the dainty little lady burst into tears.

Several of the Teenie Weenie men jumped in and attempted to stop the fight, but when two strong mice get to fighting it is no easy task to separate them. It took six of the Teenie Weenies to pull the mice apart, and even then they had to be held, for they were ready to fly at one another at the first opportunity.

"What do you men mean by such rough actions?" asked the Lady of Fashion when the mice had been quieted. "You both ought to be ashamed of yourselves." Both the mice hung their heads and looked as guilty as though they had been caught in a wire trap.

"Well I won't stand for any mouse laughin' in my face," cried Dinny, throwing Pete a nasty look.

"No one could hardly look at your face without laughin'," retorted Pete, and for a second it looked as though there would be another fight, but just then Tilly Titter, the sparrow, started singing the Teenie Weenie national hymn and all the little folks stood at attention until she had finished. Pete then took back the laugh in Dinny's face and all was well.